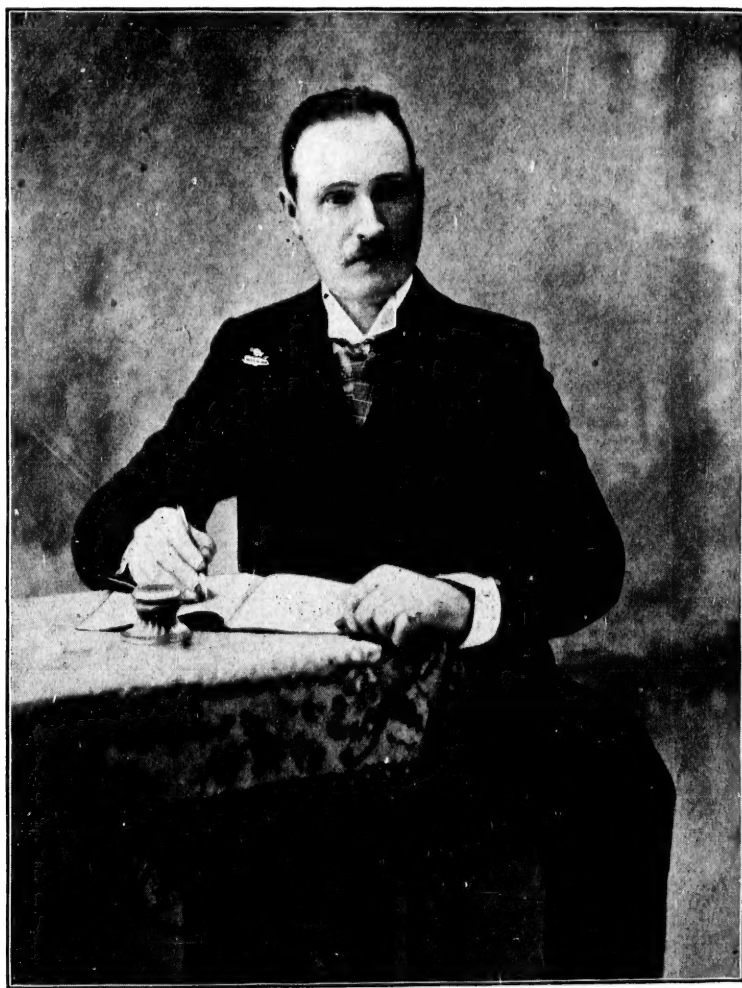




J. DUFF HENDERSON.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY STORY

ALVIRA

Alias

OREA

BY

J. DUFF HENDERSON.

Author of "The Knight, Hermit and Man," etc.

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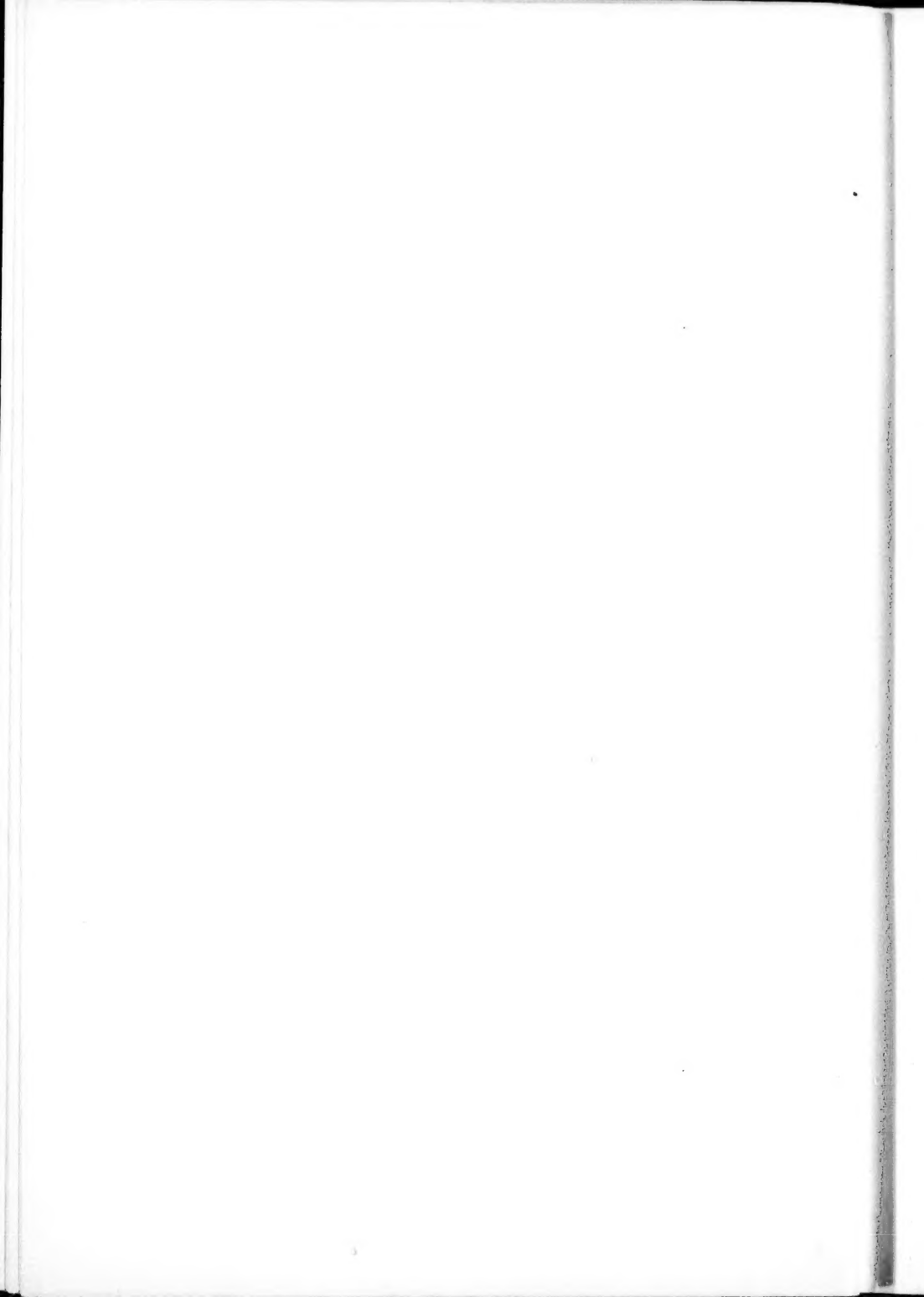
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PREFACE

ALVIRA DUNBAR was a young girl, belonging to industrious parents, who, by perseverance, gave their young daughter a musical education in pianoforte technic. They sent her to a musical conservatory, where she made great progress in her studies, which drew the attention of the noble, benevolent Duchess of Davenport, who, at spare times, visited the pupils in the conservatory.

The Duchess noticed this wonderful performer on the pianoforte, which greatly astonished her, that she made the young wonder a proposal to send her to Leipsic, Germany, to be educated by higher and more worthy celebrated teachers.

Young Alvira decided to accept her offer should her parents be agreeable. So the Duchess visited her parents and received their consent to take her to Leipsic, which the Duchess accomplished, and left Alvira Dunbar in charge of a most renowned professor, who took great interest in Alvira after hearing her play.



ALVIRA, ALIAS OREA.

N the first of January, 1898, there went forth sixteen young ladies, averaging in ages from twelve to eighteen years; some went to Leipsic, Germany, others to different parts on the continent of Europe. These young ladies were born in London, that great metropole in England where the wealthiest English aristocrats reside. All were educated in music, both vocal and instrumental. While attending the largest musical conservatory in Cambridge, they captured all the highest degrees; but one of the sixteen, Alvira, a bright young lady just thirteen years old, captured first-class honors. It was by perseverance and economy on the part of her parents that she received her musical education. She was a persevering student, surpassing all her companions, which caused jealousy between them, although it annoyed her very much.

At this time the English Duchess Davenport, that knew her ability, made a proposition to send her to Leipsic, Germany, to complete her musical education at her expense.

This kind offer was accepted by Alvira with the greatest satisfaction. The Duchess Daven-

port prepared her for that occasion, went with her to Leipsic, left her in the most historical musical college in that great city. She succeeded beyond the Duchess Davenport's expectation—her clearness of technic and ability being pronounced the greatest success during the musical season, where congregate the most expert musical critics. All were completely overwhelmed and amazed at her success, remarking that she had a brilliant future before her. The good Duchess Davenport made preparations to bring her out at some of the capitals in Europe. To facilitate her desire she engaged an agent named Alfred Tremble to proceed to Leipsic and arrange her tour throughout Europe.

In the meantime the other fifteen young ladies departed to different parts of the continent of Europe, where they completed their musical education; some of them might have returned to London, others may have stayed in Europe. Those who returned to London took part in the festivities of that great capital, where amusements predominate, where they may pass a few years in gaieties congenial to their desires, then die unknown and forgotten by their former associates.

I trust it shall not be so; that some of the fifteen may lead a noble life, obeying God's command in any sphere they may occupy on this earth, which will redound to their credit in the day they stand before the great Judge of all.

The agent, Alfred Tremble, on leaving London for Leipsic, at his parting the Duchess Davenport gave him two thousand pounds to defray Alvira's and his own expenses. All the Duchess Davenport desired was Alvira's success; then she would be satisfied.

So Alfred Tremble departs from London and proceeds to Leipsic. Arriving there, he resides at a private hotel, where he writes and despatches a letter to Alvira. Enclosed in this letter is one from the Duchess Davenport to Alvira. He also forwards his address to her, desiring her to call on him, as he has business of importance to relate.

After transacting his business he picks up a daily paper to read the news of the day and to pass the time until her arrival, when, behold! he is astonished and surprised as he reads the following lines: "Alvira, the pride of the Duchess Davenport, the star of the season in Leipsic, and will be of all Europe shortly; her proficiency in Art bewilders the great multitude that listen to her. She is the coming star undoubtedly, greater than any former artist ever was."

Alfred Tremble, after he reads the account of her success, throws the paper from him and lies back on his couch meditating seriously. At last he mumbles to himself: "I must thwart the Duchess Davenport; she expects to derive the benefit of this great star on the horizon.

Now, I have been striving for years to make a fortune and win fame. Now my star is in the ascendant. This will replenish me for my past failures. My opportunity has come; I cannot afford to lose it. To business I will now proceed. She will arrive here shortly. She, understanding the Duchess Davenport's letter that I am to be her future instructor and manager, abiding to my commands, even to the changing of her name, also become a boy, then our fortunes will be made, and not the Duchess Davenport's. That is my plan in a nutshell. I'll work it out carefully, there is not the least doubt," he replies.

Here she comes, to her I'll be attentive. A valet escorts her to his sitting room, he meeting her at the entrance.

"You are Miss Alvira, Duchess Davenport's friend?"

"Yes, sir, and you are Mr. Alfred Tremble, my future instructor, are you not?"

"Yes, Miss Alvira, that is my fortunate position. Will you please now be seated? as I have to enlighten you into what the Duchess Davenport requires in regard to your new career, she having permission from your father in reference to what I am going to relate. It may surprise you a little, however, when you comprehend the advantage you will derive from the change; you will think as the Duchess

Davenport and myself thinks, about it being better for our welfare, that is yours and mine, also the Duchess Davenport's. Now, I will relate the object in view.

"Miss Alvira, as a lady pianist, your career would be short, and there would be no money in it even for yourself.

"The Duchess Davenport, before I departed from London, informed me of her husband's extravagance and dissipation, also saying it would throw them into bankruptcy, and they would lose their great estate, she herself will then be in poverty. By your aid you can save her from poverty."

"Tell me instantly how I can do that, Mr. Tremble, and I will do it at once," remarks Alvira.

"So will I. Here is the project—you and I must change our names, you to disguise as a young man, you will be a greater star than the celebrated Paderewski, who made three fortunes in three seasons. What think you of this, Alvira?"

"Well, I'm willing doing as you desire. This was the Duchess Davenport's wish, in her letter to me, that you sent to the Conservatory—here it is:

"Then, Alvira, you are a willing partner in this transaction, which you will never regret. I will now instruct you. Go to your Conservatory, ask permission from your principal to accompany a dear friend of yours on a voyage on the Rhine,

that you will be absent one month ; he will grant your request. When we depart it will be to France, where you will revert to male attire and arrogate another name, I doing the same, then departing from France to St. Petersburg, where you will appear as the greatest " Orea," I being your manager, " Don Rosario," where I bring you out as the most celebrated pianist of the present century.' "

The principal of Leipsic Conservatory and his staff of teachers were astounded, disappointed, at the absence of Miss Alvira, and in not returning at the end of the month, as she promised at her departure, they waiting patiently for weeks for her return. No account came from her, they became very impatient about her, and began to make inquiries all over Germany, but no information about her could they discern, this causing throughout Germany a great sensation.

Alvira, the rising and popular star gone we know not where—lost to the world a precious treasure. O ! such a misfortune to the good, benevolent Duchess Davenport, who lavished wealth on her. This will add to her other misfortunes that came upon her by the Duke's dissipations.

Things look dark, indeed ; no prospect of her returning with the friend who took her away. They may have gone and married, went to another country to reside—we will never hear of

them any more. The Duchess Davenport obtains ingratitude for gratitude—such is the world and the world's ways. This young artist's career wrecked and destroyed her victims, her parents, the Duchess Davenport, also the public who expected great things of her.

Orea and Don Rosario arrive in the great city of St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, a middle-aged man, also a young man. They seem to be strangers by their customs and appearance; they desire to be escorted to a private hotel, whither they proceed with a guard, where they both register, the elder man registering as Don Rosario, musical instructor and manager, the other Orea, the greatest pianist. They remain there privately for some time, are respected by all, who are astonished with the brilliancy of music which Orea brings forth from the pianoforte. The business of the hotel increased till there was no vacancy in the establishment; thousands congregate to welcome the great impressario, he being visited by the Emperor and Empress and invited to play at their palace, Orea accepting and thanking their Majesties.

There in the winter palace, surrounded by the elite of all Russia, sat the greatest artist in musical creation, unknown till now, a stranger to the thousands surrounding him. Well might he be astonished at this sudden elevation. Don

Rosario, his instructor, feared it would affect his nerves and beseeched the large assembly to cease their kind applause, as his young artist was unaccustomed to his surroundings; "give no great applause, let peace prevail." Death silence reigned as Orea was escorted to a seat in front of one of the modern celebrated Strauss pianofortes. As he ran his slim fingers over the keys the audience thought it a thunderbolt, astounding them in their quietness.

Then the music went with fury, swaying and waving like the lightning on a dark stormy night.

The multitude, fearing their surroundings, stood up in surprise, and gazed at the slim creature there hidden by the large pianoforte. They were paralyzed that a mortal being could ever satisfy their expectation.

Still the music rolls along with smooth uniformity, up and down, all about, like a swan upon the sea. But hark! hear the thunder. Stop! silence reigns supreme.

The vast assembly are all stricken as the performer appears before them, bowing modestly, then returning to his instrument to let it speak again to the people.

Then came notes clear and harmonious, floating silently through the great palace, that draws from the vast assembly continuous applause.

So astonished are they all at such excellent

ability of the performer, who appears the most insignificant creature living. Still the music flows on in semi-demiquavers, like a canoe floating up and down on the rippling waves, nothing to mar the perfect harmony which prevailed. All the audience sat silent as the grave, wishing that it would not cease, continuing on forever, but all things must come to an end; this great assembly, too, though while life lasts man's memory will not forget this great occasion where rapture and amazement fill their hearts with gladness.

Master Orea and Don Rosario depart from the great capital of Russia, crowned with honors and wealth abundant. They proceed to Vienne, the capital of Greece, by invitation from the King and Queen, who heard of this marvellous wonder that's bound to astonish the continent while on his tour.

Here in this ancient country where poets sing, where artists toiled and dwelleth, cometh a star of the first magnitude to awaken the denizens of this ancient land to be up and striving to regain their ancient eminence in music, art and chivalry.

Here cometh an artist in instrumental music whom they will welcome to Vienne with great adoration.

He will surprise your nation, give it an enthusiasm to move on to greater efforts in the

future, so that modern Greece will be then as former ancient Greece was. Now the star has come. Vienne is in a bustle, King and Queen, rich and poor, assemble to welcome him in the great cathedral of this city. Thousands come hurrying to occupy the nearest seats to the performer, although the prices are excessive, beyond the reach of the majority.

The King and Queen, surrounded by their escort, occupy the front canopy, then the aristocrats come next, the public occupying the remaining seats. The time has arrived, so has the great impressario with his instructor, who ushers him to a seat at the pianoforte. The music goes rippling like water down a river, then rushing onward down the falls, where the spray evaporates, enclosing all in sweet harmony. The people are amazed at the execution which brings forth such melody, wondering how he obtained his musical knowledge, he being so young and inexperienced, appearing it may have come natural to him from infancy. He must have been born to what he is; such things do happen on this earth. I have known other players just rattle on the keys, they never knew what music was; no one could they please.

Here we could live and listen on forever at the glorious sounds of sweet melody, enveloping us in mystic shrouds. Oh! that Vienne could keep him here forever—it would be a gracious

and benevolent act. Our good King ought to persuade him to remain with us. We could support and keep him comfortably all his days, although it is likely other people will desire to hear him, take him away from us and we'll never hear of him again.

Oh, hark ! the music stops ; the King arises to speak. Listen to his remarks. Ladies and Gentlemen, citizens of Vienne : It is with great pleasure to the Royal Family, and I am sure to all the citizens, to welcome back again to us, this, one of the greatest classical exponents of the keyboard of the present age. He has given us pleasure, delight and satisfaction, more than we ever had before in this celebrated Cathedral, where we are now assembled. His going forth from Vienne to other parts of the world, he has our good wishes for success and prosperity, and will no doubt be welcomed wherever he appears. Now, citizens, I will ask him to play our National Anthem, then we will retire to meet again in the future.

The Anthem being played by the great impressario, then sang by the vast audience, it was a parting to be remembered for a life-time. So unanimous were the people in his favor, they following him to the depot with loud and prolonged applause, crying farewell, then away he goes, the iron horse bears him on to France. He arrives in Paris ; thousands greet him and

escort him to the great Republican Hotel, where the President of France and his good lady entertains him.

Exceeding preparations were accomplished in decorating the largest Paris theatre before his arrival. Every seat in that immense building was sold at fabulous prices. Never was there an impresario so honored in Paris before, or I comprehend will never be again. The excitement was so great as what had transpired in Russia and Greece. The multitude could not be controlled, so anxious were they to see such a celebrated personage who could accomplish on the keyboard what no other mortal could. Music written by the greatest of composers in all centres of the world, also music of his own composition that no one ever heard before. How strange this gift, given to one young and feminine looking; 'tis a marvel we do not understand.

Don Rosario says he has profited out of his three engagements twenty thousand pounds, still he proceeds to other centres of Europe, then to Asia. He will be a millionaire before his twentieth year.

What will he do with his immense wealth? May give it away for charitable purposes, or found a large musical college likely—do something to immortalize his life. So he departs, leaving France for Berlin, Germany, where his next appearance is to take place. During the

time he appeared before the public, Don Rosario communicated with the Duchess Davenport in London by an agent, who made inquiries about her, also found out her circumstances and so reported to him, he saying she has been reduced in circumstances, living in a lodging-house in London. She teaches music to support herself and son who is attending college.

The Duke's estate is entailed, has to be sold to the highest bidder, it is so heavily mortgaged; his indebtedness which amounted to more than the mortgage, so there is nothing left for the Duchess Davenport or his heir, his son, only the title, the young Duke being placed in an awkward position. The income from the estate does not cover the interest on the mortgage, that's why the estate has to be sold. Whatever it brings at the sale, the balance, after paying off the mortgage, will go to annul the Duke's indebtedness.

This is a crushing blow to the once benevolent Duchess Davenport, who was ever generous to the poor and needy. The greater part of her own wealth she gave to that unfortunate young girl, whom she sent to Leipsic to finish her musical education. Her instructor, also, she gave a large amount to defray both their expenses, she never hearing of them again. They were supposed to have been drowned in the Rhine River, Germany, this in England being

reported. This caused the Duchess Davenport sorrow that broke her completely down, then she departed to the seaside for one year to revive her health. Her son, during his vacation from college, came and spent his time in her company. These were very sad days for both during the year. Many amusements he contrived to interest her, for to take her mind away from the past, he telling her stories of his college life, and of his great prospects when he would be through college, that she would yet continue to be a Duchess, and he would support her in that station. This cast all sadness away from her, she saw there was something still to live for. Now that a year has transpired, mother and son part, she back to her humble abode in London to resume her music teaching again, he to complete his last term in college, both to remain patiently until the estate is sold, when there may be a settlement made that may be to their advantage.

After the above communication came from London to Don Rosario, who was in Berlin at the time, he was grieved at reading the report from his agent about the Duchess' changed life and circumstances. He at once set to work to rectify the matter, and consulted with Orea as to the Duchess Davenport's troubles, saying the Duke's estate was to be sold to pay a mortgage and his indebtedness, he being dead, and that

there would be nothing left to support the Duchess Davenport and her son, who is now in college for his last term, after which he expects to be able to support his mother.

"Now, Orea, hear what I propose: We have abundance of wealth, and will have much more. I consider it would be advisable for me to instruct my agent in London to proceed instantly to pay off the mortgage, also the Duke's indebtedness on the Davenport estate, and all who have claims against it, it being advisable to have the new deeds made out in your name, Orea—then you will have possession of it in case present success may fail, which it will not, for you are not in the prime of life; your best days are to come, that you will see."

"My dear instructor, I am exceedingly grateful at your sensible and wise proposition. I will immediately grant your request. You are my worthy manager in all my transactions. I trust you tranquilly in all my private business, for you have proved to me most faithful and honest," remarks Orea.

"Orea, I will instruct my agent, after he purchases the estate to place a steward and caretaker in charge, employ help to get and keep the estate in good repair, so as to be in proper order if you ever desire to dwell there, after you think satisfaction is given to the public, when your fortune is accomplished."

"Yes, you will be my manager when that's accomplished. Now, Don Rosario, I desire a favor from you, that is why I ask it, knowing you will grant it. It is this: I wish to send the Duchess Davenport by your agent, in London, a present of five thousand pounds; he can hand it to her, telling her it is from a friend who has not forgotten her."

Don Rosario says: "You have forestalled me in that benevolent purpose, and we will just double the amount and make it ten thousand pounds. That will cheer her downcast life, and she will know it's from a friend."

"Don Rosario, I feel so satisfied at your generosity; it will be a godsend to her, situated as she must be. Ask your agent to inform you if she accepts the gift."

"Yes, Orea, my agent will inform me, then I will that communicate to you. I will correspond with my agent, give him instructions about purchasing the Duke's property and paying the ten thousand pounds to the Duchess Davenport. He will engage a lawyer, so that the transfer of the property will be according to the law, the title to be clear of all encumbrance afterwards deposit it in a trust company for safe keeping. I will forward him a cheque for the whole amount through the Bank of England, so that he may have everything settled up in time for our satisfaction. This he will do, I have not

the least doubt. Now, Orea, this business completed, you must make preparations for your appearance before the German Emperor and Empress in the great City Hall, all having been prepared, and over six thousand seats are engaged, which makes another triumph for you.

"After this engagement we proceed to Austria, where they are patiently awaiting us, where you will have your fourth reception; I expect it to be as great as all the others were. After that we visit Denmark, at the King's invitation, then we return to France to appear in Marseillaise. Then we cross the Channel to England, appearing in Liverpool, then to Edinburgh, Scotland. From there we proceed to London, where we retire to your estate to recruit our energies by taking a quiet and well-earned rest, away from excitement of the past season, after you have entertained half a continent. Now we will go to fulfil our engagement. Are you prepared to face the great critical German audience?"

"I have not the least fear of appearing before any audience, no matter how critical they may be, and I am now ready to proceed to the hall, where I will surprise even you, my manager," remarks Orea.

"Indeed, Orea do you speak sincerely? If you do, I will enjoy your triumph. Come, I'll guide you to your seat—they are waiting for your coming. We must now depart to the hall."

As they pass by the great multitude, they speak welcome to Orea, he taking his seat at his pianoforte; silence reigns supreme as his artistic touch strikes the keys, then, without a pause, he continues for an hour before finishing, the audience standing up in excitement, so great is the enthusiasm, which lasted half-an-hour, during which time Orea returns to his instrument, then on the music rolled, surpassing his first effort, finishing with the "National Anthem," played as never heard before. Before departing, the Emperor and Empress thanked him very much, inviting him to return to Berlin and repeat what he accomplished this night, Orea consenting and returning thanks; so departs the Emperor and Empress from Orea and Don Rosario.

The Emperor remarked to those who accompanied him: "He is a pianist eminently of the intellectual school, having such a charm of style and delicacy of touch which renders his music so agreeable, so grateful!"

His former appearance in St. Petersburg, Paris, Vienna, and even now in Berlin, arousing the greatest enthusiasm from the first, he being ranked superior to Paderewski and Rosenthal, undoubtedly he will have everything his own way while he retains his mystic science. When he retires no other can take his place to be his equal.

"Orea, I have received a letter from my agent in London, he has transacted all your business according to my instruction. He gave the ten thousand pounds to the Duchess Davenport, and said it surprised her very much, and, more so, since she did not know the giver. She remarked, however, that she was very thankful to receive this large amount of money so unexpected—it seems some good friend has not forgotten me when they send you with this gift to me. Please sir, what is your name, and who are you?"

"My name is Arthur Vickers. You are Duchess Davenport, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am agent for Don Rosario, he being the instructor and manager of Orea, the celebrated pianist who is now coming to England, after he appears in Marseilles, France; 'twas I purchased the Duke of Davenport's estate."

"You, sir, purchased the estate of the Duke of Davenport? I am his Duchess."

"I know you are," remarks Arthur Vickers.

"Was it this Don Rosario gave you this money for me?" asks Duchess Davenport.

"No, Duchess Davenport, it was sent from St. Petersburg to the bank of London. There I received your money, more I cannot tell you."

"I am aware the Duke's estate was sold, but never heard who the purchaser was," remarks Duchess Davenport.

"All I can inform you about was the amount paid for the estate; it cleared the mortgage, paid all the Duke's indebtedness and all expenses, in deeding the property over to its present owner. I also believe there is some left for the Duke's heir," remarks Arthur Vickers.

"Very likely; the money you gave me is my portion," enquires Duchess Davenport.

"No, Duchess Davenport; it is not your portion. What you receive is a gift from a friend whom you knew and may meet hereafter," says Arthur Vickers.

"How strange and mysterious does this appear, it surpasses all my comprehension; still, I'll wait patiently to see what will transpire. You mentioned a celebrated pianist who is coming to London?" asks Duchess Davenport.

"Yes, Duchess Davenport, he's the purchaser of the Duke's estate, and he is reported to be very wealthy, being the greatest pianist the world has known," replies Arthur Vickers.

"O! how anxious I will wait for his coming to London. I delight to hear good music, it reminds me of the past. Alas! I will not mention that past. O! no; that's gone by, departed. Sir, for bringing this gift to me, and for your information, kindly accept my heartfelt thanks," says Duchess Davenport.

"I will, Duchess Davenport, with the greatest pleasure; now bidding you for the present good-bye.

"Now, since he's gone, I will think over all he communicated to me. This great amount of money I will deposit in the bank where it will be safe, where I can withdraw small or large amounts as I require. Then I will write to my son at college informing him of my good fortune. It will astonish him. He can ask permission from his principal for leave of absence to visit his mother in London. Then I will inform him of everything that has transpired since his departure. When last he wrote me he heard that his father's estate was being sold, this being all he knew. He knows not what is coming to him by the settlement of the estate. This celebrated pianist he spoke about must be exceedingly wealthy. O! that Alvira, if she had lived, she would have been superior to this celebrated pianist, and I would have shared her wealth. Alas! she is no more; 'tis my misfortune. I expected, by bringing her out, to pay off the mortgage on the Duke's estate, believing I could retain the estate clear of all encumbrance; then the Duke might have led a better life, had he not died and left me to bear the disgrace of his misspent life. Peace be with him; may the Almighty pardon all his transgressions, and take his spirit to dwell with Him above, in that heavenly home where peace, contentment, prevails forever. I do feel thankful to the Almighty Father; He it was who directed this gift the

stranger brought me. It will support me while He pleases to keep me on this earth. This money with my son I'll share. It will pay his expenses to complete his education, then whatever remains of his father's estate will be sufficient to support him through life. I will take him with me to Barrister Bothwell, it being he who had the mortgage on the estate and the right to dispose of it, which must have been sold to the celebrated pianist. Very likely he has the money due to my son; would have paid it to him or I, had he known where we resided. After the Duke's death I discharged all the employes, also my household servants, and disposed of the household furniture and fixings, which belonged to myself. Barrister Bothwell then took the estate in charge."

Just as she finished her soliloquy her son arrives at her apartments unnoticed and embraces her. She remarks: "O! it is thee, my dear boy. I was waiting to hear from you, but you have arrived, which pleases me much better."

"Mother, I was delighted when I heard of your good fortune, also of the money coming to me from the estate; that is why, mother, I asked leave of absence from college for to accompany you to interview Barrister Bothwell," speaks her favorite son.

"My good son, the balance remaining after paying off the mortgage of your father's indebted-

ness belongs to you. Now be seated. I will order you some refreshment. When you partake of it we will proceed instantly to the barrister's chambers to inquire of Mr. Bothwell the amount remaining after paying all claims against the estate. Mr. Bothwell is an honest man, and will not deceive us."

"Yes, mother, I am sure he will treat us fairly by giving us an account of the whole transaction; that is, the price paid for the estate. Now, mother, I have finished my lunch, and am at your service," says her son.

"Very well, my son; I have ordered a carriage, it will arrive here shortly. Come, my boy, as I speak it is here at the door waiting for us."

They enter the carriage and are driven to Barrister Bothwell's chambers, Piccadilly Square. Whence they arrive, a messenger is despatched to inform the barrister that the Duchess Davenport and her son desire an interview with him.

Barrister Bothwell receives the messenger and instructs him to escort the visitors into his private room, where he receives them with kind tranquillity and desires them to be seated, he remarking to Duchess Davenport: "I long have sought you and your son, and made inquiries about you, as I had business of importance to relate to you."

"Mr. Bothwell, if you recollect, I sent you a notice after the Duke's death that I discharged

all the employees on the estate, sold out what belonged to myself and departed to live in retirement, which I did for a year or two, during which time matters transpired that gave me courage for the future. A stranger came to inform me that our estate was sold for a greater price than its real value, and that there was something left for the heir, my son."

"Good, Duchess Davenport, the stranger that informed you was truthful, for, indeed, I received much more than I expected for the estate. Here is a statement of the sale which I prepared for you and your son, which will enlighten you that all was transacted according to the law. I will read to you both this statement, after which you can look it over yourselves. The amount, after paying all expenses, leaves an abundant dowry to the heir, your son. I conscientiously thought of you and your son's welfare when setting a price on the estate, and, knowing my purchaser was wealthy, therefore I set my own terms, so the amount coming to your son is twelve thousand pounds sterling, also to you, madam, eight thousand."

"O, sir, you deserve our gratitude, being so interested in our welfare. Such great kindness to us we will remember to our last day," remarks Duchess Davenport.

"Madam, I only done my duty in this respect, and hereafter you will have my services gratis whenever you desire them."

"I have some friends, but you are my best, indeed, for what you have accomplished for my welfare. Had you sold our estate to satisfy your own claim, this you could have done; but your kind heart had compassion for the unfortunate widow and her son. O, sir, you erased the sorrow that lay heavy on my heart, that gives me bright visions for the future. May your good life be spared that sorrow from which I have suffered, is the desire from me, whom you befriended."

"Good madam, I expect your kind compliments, but I only did what any other honest business man would do; could I have done more for your prosperity, I would instantly have done it for you both."

Mr. Bothwell returns to his private room with a great worry off his mind, that the lawful heir has been found and satisfied. The Duchess Davenport goes back to her humble abode, accompanied by her son, where they consult with each other about purchasing another residence in a more fashionable locality, they arranging that, on the morrow, they will visit some real estate agent that has such property on the market; then they will proceed and examine it. If it be found satisfactory to their desires, they will purchase it. Afterwards, the Duchess Davenport desires her son to go and finish out his term at college, in the meantime she will

have the Bijou residence decorated and furnished to their satisfaction, for it is very likely we will make it our home to our life's end.

"Mother, I am convinced of what you propose, and consider well of your judgment in this respect. I can depend upon you to make it attractive, where we will once again receive our true and trusted friends, who have not forsaken us. Mother, the time has arrived when I must depart from you for the third time. When I return home again, it will be to spend many pleasant days with you, as you are aware of my having good prospects of entering into partnership with a responsible firm here in London, where I will always come home to you, mother."

"My son, your prospect is assured. I believe you will be successful in your occupation, I have a great desire for your welfare, and you will never betray your mother, so, my dear boy, may health and happiness be with you until you return to me (they embrace each other and bid farewell). They selected and purchased the Bijou residence before her son departed, then the Duchess Davenport engaged an artist who is expert in house furnishing and decorating. When all is completed she takes up her abode there, among the most pleasant sights of London, a few of her trusted old servants she re-engages. After settling in her new home, with comforts surrounding her, she meditates on for-

mer times when once she ruled as a Duchess, when she was ever benevolent to the unfortunate, who surrounded the Duke's estate, and her thoughts take in the future, she repeating: "Has not my Heavenly Father given me this opportunity to continue my benevolent work in His vineyard? Yes, I believe this is His purpose. Receiving this gift from Him, I must not pass my life in idleness, where there is work to be accomplished for poor unfortunates of this great city."

While she was engaged with her thoughts her valet approached with a note, handing it to her, she opening and reading contents. She instructs him to bring the gentleman to her. This order was executed promptly. She speaks, inquiring: "Who are you that desires an interview with me?" "Madam, you are the Duchess of Davenport?" "Yes, sir, I was the Duchess of Davenport, but I am not now. I'm only a humble duchess, living privately."

"Well, Madam, you have forgotten me?"

"Yes, sir, I have no remembrance of you whatever."

"Then I will inform you of my name. It is Mr. Dunbar, the father of young Alvira, whom you sent to Leipsic, to finish her musical education."

"I beg your pardon, sir, now I do remember you and your good wife, also your long lost Alvira, her disappearing with her instructor has

been a great mystery to me for the last two years. I went to great expense to find if it were true, as was reported by the English press that they were both drowned. My agents went to Leip-ic, trying to unravel the mystery of their disappearance. They found the boat in which they were supposed to have been drowned from. They grappled in the river, searching without success; the swift-running current must have taken their bodies to the ocean, never more to be found."

"I, too, have searched all over Europe trying to find them, but was not successful, although I spent all the wealth I earned in former years. Now my wife and family, also myself, are in poverty, and have to go to the poorhouse to reside. I lost my steady situation, and no one seemed to pity us. Still, I have faith that Alvira will return some day," remarks Mr. Dunbar.

"Sir, I am profoundly sorrowful at your distress; my loss in your daughter was equally as great as yours. I patiently waited, thinking they would return, but, alas! I fear they won't," speaks Duchess Davenport.

"When I was abroad searching for them, I read the account of the Duke's death and sale of his estate. When I returned I tried to find you, but you had departed. They told me you sold out all that belonged to you. They also told me you went away and was living in a humble

abode, supporting yourself by teaching music, so having your address, I proceeded, and now find you here."

"Well, sir, it may be to your welfare that you found me. Tell me where yourself and family are dwelling? I will arrange to visit you."

"Dear Madam, I have no dwelling, only the poorhouse."

"Oh! sir, I pity you, but will visit you there."

"Noble Duchess Davenport, it would be beneath your dignity to come there. Should you desire any information I can give it to you," says Mr. Dunbar. "I only wish to see your wife and family, to tell them that I will assist them and you in your unfortunate circumstances, for I'm able to do it, through the assistance of a good friend unknown to me whom I assisted when I lost my husband the Duke. I am willing to share it with you. Go, bring your good wife to me; I'll await until she and you return."

"Good Madam, I'll do your bidding" (he departs to bring his wife).

The Duchess Davenport communes with herself during his absence. "I was the cause of injuring that poor man and woman; they have suffered more than I. It was I that brought them to destitution. Had their young daughter remained with them she would have been living to-day, and their parents would have been prosperous. It is undoubtedly my bounden duty to give them assistance.

The bell rings at the front door. The valet answers it. It is Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar. He guides them to the Duchess Davenport, where she advances and receives them with kind modesty and good-will, inviting them to be seated.

"Mrs. Dunbar, you have come at my bidding. I am exceedingly pleased to welcome you here. Your husband related to me your unfortunate circumstance, and the loss of your young and promising daughter. You as well as myself expected great prospects of her, but fortune went against us both—also your remaining family."

"Yes, Duchess Davenport, we all have suffered; but you are not to blame for her disappearance. Your intentions were for her welfare, had our anticipations been fulfilled."

"You speak with reason, Mrs. Dunbar. She, by my plans and proposition, would have become the musical genius of the world. She would have made a fortune for you and I, this being my expectation; my intentions being to redeem the Duke, my late husband's estate. Alas! then my loss was great, all by prospects frustrated and having to support myself by teaching music, which I continued for two years, then there came a day when my memory was thinking of the past. Just then a strange visitor came to my humble abode, who desired an interview with me, he telling me he was an

agent for Don Rosario, the manager and instructor of the renowned Orea, who is to appear in London. He also gave me a cheque on the Bank of England for ten thousand pounds, informing me it was from a friend who knew me and may know me again in the future. Another good friend who held the mortgage on the Davenport estate disposed of it, for my son's and my advantage, we never expecting any income from it. However, we received a respectable amount from the estate, and it enabled us to purchase this substantial residence. We intend to make it our future home. This finishes my story; now please accept this gift from me; with it you can purchase a dwelling to accommodate you and your family, and assist you to educate them. The balance will support you and your husband during your earthly life. This cheque you can take to the Bank of England and they will cash it for you, then you can dispose of it in the way I have told you."

"Dear Madam, we sincerely thank you for your kindness; this we never expected. O! may kind Providence grant you prosperity during your life, then in the Heavenly Tabernacle above the saints will receive you. We wish this to you, our benefactor. Parting with you now, may God bless you."

"When you are settled inform me; to visit you I'll endeavor." They depart from Duchess

Davenport, their hearts filled with gratitude for her.

There was great joy in the poorhouse that night when the Dunbar family gathered around their father and mother to listen to the glad tidings they had to relate. Before the week had transpired the Dunbar family were domiciled in a comfortable home. The children were sent to a private school, then all appeared tranquil in the Dunbar household.

The Duchess Davenport, after parting with Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar, retired to her apartment for the night, but sleep she could not, her thoughts dwelt on the past and the prospects for the future, the returning of her beloved son from college, then her memory would revert to the benevolent work she had accomplished.

For doing this she thanked her Maker, God, trusting she had done all things to His glory and that her Heavenly Father would still lead her on in nobler things for the welfare of humanity here on His earthly Kingdom. At length she enjoys the calm, peaceful sleep of the just. She awakes at the dawning of a new day, refreshed and alert, bends down on her knees at her bedside to give thanks to Him who holds the universe in hand.

"To one so insignificant as me?" this being the tenor of her praise to her Almighty Father. She then appears before her housekeeper and house-

hold servants, bright and fair, remarking, "It is a delightful morning." They answering, "Yes, madam." She then examines all parts of her well-ordered house, and thanks the servants for their tidiness in fixing things so agreeable to her vision. Her servants respect her as a worthy mistress, and always do their best endeavor to give her satisfaction, which they always succeed in doing. She frequently orders her liveryman to bring her carriage to the front door, where they assist her to her seat. Then she desires them to drive her along the Terrace, where London's nobility parade. This outing always delighted her; she recalls the time when she was the leader in all fashionable aristocratic circles in London. After her misfortune, she was noticed by society to be absent from all gaieties and from the parades on the Terrace. Now, she has returned, appearing in her former splendor; all were quite astonished and surprised at her turn-out, for they knew the Duke, her husband, was dead and also bankrupt. The estate was sold to pay the Duke's debtors. Then she went to reside privately in a not frequented part of London, unknown to society and the gaieties of the great metropole. No wonder they were astounded at her reappearance in her former grandeur, as pure as the bloom, and fair as the blossom, of a new blooming rose. The gossips in society commenced to argue different reasons

for her appearing after the great downfall she had; each one had their own opinion about her appearing on the parade in such expensive attire, surpassing even her former appearance, when she was the ruling Duchess Davenport, but it is ordained by higher power than society that the Duchess Davenport will her former eminence in society regain. Her son has won high honors in college, the principal and all the teachers have great respect for his ability and predict he will accomplish great enterprises in the future. He will inherit his father's Dukedom, although he is now debarred from claiming it.

I must now return to the celebrated Orea, and his manager, Don Rosario. They received high acclamation in Marseilles, France, the people being delighted beyond their conception. They wondered that such a mortal of humanity, who possessed such exceeding excellence, that stirs the inward feeling of humanity, such as was never accomplished before.

They departed from Marseilles, with enormous rejoicings, the occasion being one not to be forgotten.

However, in due time they arrive at England, to appear at Liverpool, where crowds of the inhabitants welcome them to their great manufacturing city. Here, where thousands tread and barter in mercantile pursuits, where manufac-

turers strive to compete against each other in various articles of manufactured goods, to supply civilization.

Here a pianist, who is welcomed to the thriving industrial metropole, where never before a celebrated impressario appeared. So the Mayor of that great city proclaims a holiday, to receive him, to hear his bewildering music that surpasses all understanding, that a feminine appearing person should possess such artistical ability. After his appearances in Liverpool, all England heard of his triumph and desired his presence in London. Don Rosario would not postpone his engagements in Scotland, where he has to appear at a certain date, according to agreement, after which he will visit London, where he will be the guest of Queen Victoria and the Royal Family at Windsor Castle, afterwards appearing in the largest music hall in London, where the public will be welcome to come and hear a superior master of classical music, before never heard in London.

The students of the various colleges in the city formed the club to give a banquet to the renowned impressario, after his excellent performance in Liverpool's greatest Music Hall. They carried him to a carriage, brought him to the banquet, where he was received and welcomed by the young Duke of Davenport, who escorted him before the feast table, placing him on his right side.

The impressario remarked: "This is a banquet to be remembered, so excellent is everything conducted." He also owned it was the best feast he ever received, and thanked the students for the appreciation of his ability, especially the young Duke, who was the originator, in arranging the banquet which they all enjoyed immensely.

"The reason I desired the students to contribute with me to give you, Master Orea, this banquet, is because I have sincere respect for you as a musician of no mean ability, and the liberal amount which you paid for my father, the Duke's, estate, which I was benefited by.

"After you receive the plaudits of civilization, no doubt you will retire to your estate, which you purchased, for the remaining part of your life. It was the home of my birth, the home of my childhood, the home of my boyhood, and it grieved me exceedingly when I had to part with it. I am pleased and satisfied at your good fortune in owning it. May your life be tranquil with happiness and peace while passing your days in the home I did love, and do still love."

"I am exceedingly thankful to you for your consideration in regard to my prosperity and welfare. At any time you may have leisure, I beg you to come and visit me at your old home. You are welcome to bring any friend you desire,

or your wife, should you be a married man," replied the impressario. The Duke answers: "I am not a married man, having a loving mother, who adores me, and I am satisfied to remain single."

"Then, Duke, bring her with you; it would give me the greatest pleasure to meet her in the Chateau, where she once reigned as a Duchess. She may approve of the way I rearrange her old Chateau. It is different entirely, arranged outside and in the interior, from the time your mother dwelt there. If I am not mistaken, she will be astonished at the wealth that has been lavished there since she departed," remarks Orea.

"I have not the least doubt about it, Orea, and I will proceed directly to bring her there to visit you; she will think it an honor to accept your invitation. She oft-times remarked to me she would like to see the scenes once more of my childhood's happy days, where oft with her I romped and played, no thoughts of the future then or of my college days."

At this moment they were interrupted by Don Rosario, who approached, and Orea introduced him to the young Duke, saying: "Mr. Don Rosario, allow me to introduce you to Albert Montague, the young Duke of Davenport; a Duke without an estate, but a noble young gentleman, who can make his own way in the world without his dukedom."

Don Rosario shook hands with the young Duke and remarked: "I am delighted to make your acquaintance. Your mother, the Duchess of Davenport, I had transactions with through an agent in London. Previous to that, I had personal acquaintance with her, knowing her to be a virtuous woman, whom I ever since respected. Some future time I may have an interview with her again."

Orea informs Don Rosario that he will meet the Duchess Davenport in her old Chateau when the young Duke takes his mother there. I gave them an invitation to come whilst you were absent, and he promised he would bring his mother, so we will all meet there when our season's engagements come to an end.

"Orea, we now must part with our friends and the young Duke on the morrow, thanking them all for the magnificent banquet they provided for us. We will remember your hospitality until we meet again; till then we bid you all farewell."

Their friends, at their parting, sing: "For they are jolly good fellows, with a hip—hip—hurrah."

While travelling to Scotland by the North British Railway there were a party of Scottish gentlemen, accompanied by their lovely wives and daughters, who came to Liverpool to witness the performance of the only Orea, the wizard

pianist. They were honored by being travellers in his company on to Scotland, he being introduced to all the ladies by Don Rosario. They conversed with him frankly, and he related his triumphs on the continent of Europe, which amazed them very much. Each question they asked him, he answered intelligently, giving them information about foreign countries that he visited on his travels. They desired information how he was received by the crowned heads of Europe. He referred to them all, believing the Emperor of Russia the most renowned of all, and the Empress, he remarked, was a perfect angel, and he loved her intensely, but she had a superior man than him.

Then they inquired if it were true that he purchased the Davenport estate, he answering yes.

"Then, are you going to reside there by yourself in that large and costly structure which must have cost thousands of pounds?"

"My manager will abide with me; he accomplishes all my transactions to my satisfaction," says Orea.

"For all that your life will be lonely," remarks the young and beautiful daughter of Sir Percy Bruce, a retired Scottish gentleman, a native of Edinburgh.

The young lady continued, conversing in a modest way with Orea, he being delighted by

her confabulation, she seeming so interested in his life—she still remarking: “I suppose you will be taking to yourself a wife when you settle down in your magnificent home in Davenport?”

“Well, I should think any sensible young lady would be exceedingly pleased to become your wife; perhaps you have not found one you could love and live with all your life. If you found one to suit you, you would not be lonely as you must be should you reside alone in your great mansion.”

“You are just teasing me, are you not, Miss Bruce?”

“No, I would not tease you for all the world. I was just giving you good advice. You have been entertained by the highest society while on your travels in different countries you have visited abroad. Have you not come across any fair ladies that loved you, and you them?”

“I have associated with the highest society throughout Europe, also been feasted and welcomed even by Princess and Empress, also the daughters of the nobility throughout Europe. I confess to you, my dear Miss Bruce, that I loved every one of those ladies and told them so, but not one of them informed me of their affection to me,” replies Orea.

“What would you have done if any of them had told you they loved you, Orea?”

"I would have accepted the one who told me first," replied Orea.

"And would you marry her, Orea?"

"Decidedly, that is just what I would have done," replied Orea.

"Now I have succeeded in finding out how it is respectable young women do not get married, just because they do not tell the men they love them. Is this not true, Orea?"

"You have struck the nail on its head, Miss Bruce. Your love for me has conquered me by my own words. Should all turn out to your expectation, it will be when my engagements this season come to an end," says Orea.

"I am perfectly satisfied to wait till you have completed your engagements and retire to your estate," remarks Miss Bruce.

"During that time some other one might love me; you would forgive me should I disappoint you, Miss Bruce?"

"Well, you have my love now, what more do you expect but my promise to you, Orea?"

"Things are so uncertain in this world, my young lady, we know not what will happen any moment. Another year from now, however, I'll love you to the end of your life, and when we pass from off this sphere we will meet again in a higher sphere above. In Heaven, where there will be no more parting," remarks Orea.

"You are very wise and sensible, I will trust

you until a year has gone past, then I will hear from you. My mother and father must not be told of this arrangement until we have settled this question of matrimony between us. We will attend your performance in Edinburgh, when we will be delighted again to hear your magic music, afterwards you depart to London, I will keep up your correspondence until the year is finished."

"This I am agreeable to, Miss Bruce," replies Orea.

"Then we understand each other thoroughly, Orea," remarks Miss Bruce.

"Yes, undoubtedly, Miss Bruce; there is no backing out of that, I grant you the year. If I am not married inside of that time I will undoubtedly marry you," remarks Orea.

"I will keep you to your word, Orea; good-bye for the present. In an hour we will arrive at Edinburgh, and I may not meet you there. However, my affection will be for you throughout that long year sincere, Orea."

"So will my affection be for you, married or single, Miss Bruce."

"Now the train arrives in Edinburgh, we part to meet again. Let us be true; good-bye, Miss Bruce."

Don Rosario arrives to take Orea away. Miss Bruce rejoins her parents, their carriage is waiting for them, they are driven to their home.

Thousands meet the celebrated Orea and escort him and Don Rosario to the Princes Hotel, on Princes Street, Edinburgh, where he is welcomed and feasted by some of the Scottish nobility of Scotland, that country which produced many brave gallants in war, great in science, great as rulers in many countries.

Here they receive one greater than themselves, in this eminent impressario, who has delighted the people in all countries. Here, in Edinburgh, he is conveyed on the shoulders of the students to the Theatre Royal, where seats were sold in advance at fabulous prices, beyond the majority of the people of the city.

As Orea took his seat in front of his piano-forte, the people were amazed and remarked by what charm this strange personage exerts such a peculiar power, the critics cannot decide.

As soon as the notes of his piano steal through the theatre, a strange lethargy seizes the audience, and they drop into a waking slumber, they are so astonished at the wonderful performer. The audience were all satisfied and remarked: "He must have made preparations when he was a child, for he's not yet, I presume, eighteen years old. He's one of the marvels of this age." So thought the manager of the great Theatre Royal, and he consulted with Don Rosario to have him remain another night, to give those who were disappointed on the first night another

opportunity to witness the celebrated impressario.

Don Rosario consulted with Orea, and he consented to remain, to oblige the management and the public; for this he received an ovation from the enormous throng of people who were assembled outside of the Theatre Royal.

The scene of enthusiasm was almost unprecedented, and the crowds awaiting were so dense that the police were unable to cope with them, they being so satisfied at his second engagement. Orea was the lion that night in the Royal Hotel, they could not do enough for him, and all went merry until the dawn of day came, then he retired to rest, to sleep the sleep of the just, then awakening at the hour of twelve to partake of the good dinner. Then he was driven around the great city of Edinburgh by the city officials. He enjoyed it immensely. Then they all returned to the hotel where a supper was prepared for them; when finished they passed a pleasant two hours, Orea amusing them by playing his own compositions; at it they all marvelled with astonishment. His perfect rapid execution—it was indeed astonishing to his beholders to hear and see a human mortal portraying music so consequential, they thinking him a perfect genius.

Orea then retires to his apartments to make preparations for the theatre where he will make

his last appearance, it being as great a success as on his first night, when he appeared, and would have been greater had he stayed another night, he was so captivating that the people could listen to him forever. Alas! he must now proceed to London, where the Londoners are awaiting anxiously to see the young impresario who has caused so much excitement throughout Europe

Orea departed from Edinburgh with the plaudits of the Scotch population, who followed him to the depot and bid him bon voyage.

He was received in London with equally great honors, and proceeding from the depot to the International Hotel, where he reigns supreme. He is visited by all classes of the people, who welcome him to their metropole. They show their good will to him by singing "He's a jolly good fellow" which is taken up by the vast throng who surround the International Hotel. Silence did not remain while he departed from the balcony to prepare for the last of his season's engagements, then he retires to his estate in Davenport to take rest and comfort for one year, may be.

Don Rosario will accompany him to attend to his welfare, manage all his business transactions, as he did in the past.

Now, the young Duke Montague finished his university career and retires with all honors

given him at his parting, to return to London. His headmasters, professors, and students give him a banquet at his departing, where he again goes to rejoin his mother, in their London residence. She receives him to her home with gladness and rejoicing. He affectionately embraces her. There was joy and consolation with them. He informed her of the reception he undertook by the assistance of all the college students in arranging a banquet and feast to the eminent impressario Orea in Liverpool. The affair being a huge success and triumph.

Orea was delighted when he knew I was the young Duke Montague of Davenport. He then invited all my friends to visit him in Davenport, where he retires to our old Chateau in Davenport. Also, if I was married, to bring my wife along with me. I then informed him that I had no wife, was still a single gentleman, living and supporting my mother, the Duchess Davenport. Also he remarked this, the following: "Well sir, Duke Montague, bring her with you, for I will be exceedingly happy to make her acquaintance. I'll give her a warm reception to her former estate and Chateau. When she beholds the expense I went to in rearranging and fixing all things in proper repair, she undoubtedly will be amazed at the magnificence that she will witness." This is what he informed me of, and I think it to our interests to visit him there dur-

ing his vacation, where he will retire for a year to enjoy freedom and recreation with Don Rosario, who transacts his business and makes inquiries of the superintendent if any other alterations be required, to get it done at once as he expected visitors coming to see him. "Now, mother, you must come with me to interview and hear this Orea, who is the wonder of the age."

"Now, my son, had you not arrived just in time, I would have departed by this time to the Academy of Music, where Orea is to appear in one hour. I have read frequently in the daily newspapers of this Orea, the celebrated impresario, and I made preparations, also arrangements, had my costumes arranged in order to go and hear him. I did not expect your arrival."

"Now, my son, we have no time to pass in conversation, and must make ready instantly or we will have no box, for I negligently forgot to secure one."

"Mother, be not annoyed, I arrived on purpose to take you to hear the great Orea, and have already secured in the Academy of Music one private box, which will be kept for us," says the Duke.

"O, my son, you are indeed thoughtful. You come attired in your best suit, and are prepared. I will now retire to prepare my toilet, and will not detain you long."

"Mother, take your leisure in arranging your toilet, as you did in years gone by."

"My son, I have prepared my toilet expressly for this occasion, and you will see me shortly arrayed. You order the coachman to bring my carriage directly."

"Yes, dear mother, before you saw me I met the coachman and conversed with him, also the footman. They were pleased to see me back, inquiring anxiously if I were going to remain home, I answering yes, and they seemed so delighted at my remaining. Mother, do not let me delay you." She retires for a short time and reappears in the most elegant and costly garment that taste and culture could desire. Her son gloried in her appearance, and remarking: "Mother, you are undoubtedly the most fair and beautiful woman I ever saw, reminding me of a statue, so perfect in form and figure, with features so perfect that I never saw before. I once saw this figure in the Latin Quarter in the Sculpture Gallery in Paris."

"Oh! my son, you exaggerate, when comparing me to the statue you speak about in the Latin Quarter in Paris. They are Madonnas, I am only a simple Duchess, your mother, and appearing in this modest, expensive dress for your pleasure."

"Mother, dear, indeed you do give me such pleasure and satisfaction abundantly. Now come, your carriage is in waiting at the front door, and we are late in starting. I am ready to proceed; let there be no delay." They enter the carriage

and are driven rapidly to the Academy of Music, where the largest throng of people are assembled I ever witnessed. A passage had to be opened to allow the carriage to proceed to the front door of the academy. The Duchess Davenport and her son were met by ushers, who escorted them to their private box. When entering, the scene was magnificent to behold. Opera-glasses from all around stared them in the face like a blaze of stars in the firmament above. All were eagerly awaiting the appearance of Orea. All were calm, and silence reigned, as Orea and Don Rosario appear forward upon the stage, and as Orea took his seat the audience arose amazed, then great enthusiasm prevailed for upwards of a quarter of an hour. Then Orea proceeded to his seat at the pianoforte and displayed his ability. Still he continues to keep up his record, a record surpassing all others, so completely that he never will have a competitor to annoy him. The Duchess Davenport remarks to her son: "I have seen that face before, if I am not mistaken; that face resembles one whom I knew. I was attached to that person some years ago, as I am now attracted to this Orea, the renowned impressario. There are two faces resembling each other so distinctly that no one who ever saw them but would confess they resembled each other, no distinction whatever. Take their heads, place them together side by side, there is not a particle of difference between them."

"Mother, I believe you. Why don't you hearken to the music, it is more interesting than comparing faces."

"My dear son, I enjoy the music thoroughly ; I have no fear of it, that my heart is thrilling in raptures to see this young Orea performing on his instrument so satisfying to the listeners."

"Mother, he is wonderful, indeed a marvel, of such genius, most superior to others I have met on my travels. His technic is so uniform, which makes music so pleasant to the ear. Our memory dwells with it, nothing to draw away the memory from things that happened in the past. This is consolation for our lost opportunities. It refreshes, brings new life to us and prospects more startling for things to transpire in the future.

"Mother, I will forward him a note, inquiring for an interview after he retires. He desired so much to make your acquaintance and now is your opportunity, when he knows who you are. I will just state that the Duchess Davenport desires an interview with him. If it be possible, she will await for him in her private box, situated on the first landing, number eight, to the right side, where he will find you."

"My son, this will be a meeting I will no doubt remember during my life, after conversing with this august impressario, who has conversed with all the crowned heads of Europe."

"Yes, it will be a great honor to you, mother ;

I will now ring up the usher, and instruct him to hand this note to Orea when he retires from the stage. He will then come directly to your box. I will be absent at his coming, and if he inquires about me, you inform him that I retired to converse with a friend, and will return shortly to proceed with you to our home."

"Now, my son, you instantly must retire, for Orea is finishing his last sacred anthem, composed by himself. Soon he will be here."

"Then, mother, I will now retire before he arrives, and make an endeavor to find his manager, Don Rosario, and inform him that Orea is having an interview with you, so as not to put him about at Orea's absence."

"You are, my son, a distinguished manipulator in arranging secret matters, and I admire your ability; it will assist you when entering into business on your own responsibility, for dexterity and shrewdness enables a man to look forward to the future on serious occasions which may transpire."

"Dear mother, you are sensible. I leave you, seeing the great Orea has finished. I'll go mingle among the audience and join in the cheering until it is time for us to meet."

"It is so, my son."

He departs. The audience departs from the Academy with glorious salutation to the celebrated and only Orea.

The Duchess Davenport remains silent with expectation to observe the object of her request. That face she could swear by. This gives her another opportunity at a closer view. But hark ! she hears a silent step. It must be him. A gentle rap comes from the door, informing her of his arrival. She lightly steps towards the door and opens it and with much delight receives the meek and humble Orea. He takes her hand and holds it tenderly, remarking, "You are the Duchess of Davenport, whom I heard of frequently, also about your benevolent enterprises, are you not ?"

"Sir, you are a stranger to me. I would never have known it was you only for my son the young Duke, who spoke so interestingly about you. I also read about your great fame, through the daily press ; also that you were the purchaser of the Duke's estate and gave a handsome price for the property, then spending thousands of pounds in repairing it. This has touched my heart very tenderly."

At this information the tears fell from Orea's eyes, and his commotion was most affectionate as he beheld the Duchess Davenport, who still held his slim and childlike hand. At length he regained his presence of mind, inquiring, "Is your son, the Duke, near at hand ? I seeing him from the stage. I always have great love and respect for him, for past favors received for his liberality. I will never

regret, and his promise to bring you to your old Chateau, where I shortly retire and await your coming. I am delighted at meeting you, but must not detain you any longer, for my Manager, Don Rosario, will be impatient at my absence."

He pressed with his tender hand hers, and the tears again fell from his eyes as he parted with her, and she with him, both remarking they will meet again. Then, Orea departed to his dressing-room where he found Don Rosario and the young Duke, whom he was exceedingly pleased to meet again. He explained to him about his interview with his mother, and desired him not to neglect bringing her to her former Chateau, as he promised when I parted with you in Liverpool.

"Now, Orea, that I will not forget, you may rely on my promise to you," remarks the Duke.

"Then I trust you will fulfil your promise," replies Orea.

During Orea's absence with the Duchess Davenport her son was enjoying himself in company with Don Rosario, and having a friendly conversation, each relating his own experience during their past life. The young Duke told of his boyhood days when he thought only of all kinds of amusements, athletic sports, such as cricket, lawn tennis, baseball, boating and yachting. He was fond of horse riding, many a canter he had after the hounds. This was the way he spent his holidays from school, he caring

not much for study. His whole desire was to be out in the open air, playing with comrades, and oftentimes indulging in short excursions to the towns and cities, where he also had a lively time attending the theatres and concerts. This continued on for some years, never thinking or caring anything about his father, the late Duke, or his widowed mother; his father when living, being very seldom at home, so he was not enjoying his company. Both father and mother most frequently passed their time in London, and the young Duke was left much to himself. He often thought and pondered on those days, until at length there came a day when he received a letter from his mother in London, ordering him to come to London instantly, as she desired his presence there in due season. He arrives in that great metropole London, it being the first time he set foot there, till this; he never thought of such a city, and like a strange boy, he thought he was lost. He stood meditating at a street corner, and watching the hurrying crowds coming and going to and fro. At this he marveled, and entirely forgot what brought him to London. However, he remembered his mother's letter, when, behold, his mother's address was written in the corner of the letter, and read as follows: "Come to the Windsor Hotel, inquire for the Duchess Davenport at the office, round the front entrance." This took a great burden off his mind,

he holding the letter in his hand, when, just at this instant a gentleman in a blue suit, with brass buttons on his coat, proceeded towards him and inquired what had he lost? He answered, nothing sir, only he wished to be directed to the Windsor Hotel.

"My brave young lad," said the policeman, "you have a great distance to travel before you reach the Windsor Hotel. You must take a bus." Come, I'll see you on the right track. (He takes him to the centre of the street, hails an omnibus, instructs the guard to let the lad off at the Windsor Hotel.)

This, was all a mystery to him. He could not understand his whereabouts, and sat in silence watching the rushing throng still going to and fro and the numerous vehicles, with their drivers, driving forward along Pall Mall, that busy thoroughfare. It disturbed all his memory and caused him much inconvenience. The guard forgetting to let him off at the Windsor Hotel, he had to be transferred to a passing bus, returning in the opposite direction. This time he was more alert and inquired of a passenger to inform him when the bus arrived at the Windsor Hotel. As soon as it arrived the passenger informed him, but the guard did not stop the bus and he ventured to step off while it was in motion. However, he stumbled and fell backward on his back near the gutter by the side-

walk. A vast crowd congregated about him. Some of the passers-by assisted and raised him to his feet, but he could not stand or walk a step. The passers-by inquired as to where they would take him? He handed them a letter and they read the address, after which they proceeded and took him to the Windsor Hotel and laid him on a sofa in the office and departed from him.

He was more seriously hurt than he expected. The officer sent for the doctor to come and examine him. The doctor arrived quickly and found that a rib was displaced. He then sent for the ambulance coach and had him conveyed to the hospital where the patient arrived in due time, and was placed on a bed in one of the wards where practical nurses attended him. All this time he did not mention who he was or where he came from. He was given a stimulant and afterwards the doctor operated on his rib and replaced it where it belonged.

The doctor then instructed the nurse to watch him while he was in so sound a sleep and left her a draught prepared, ordering her to give it to the patient when he awakened. The doctor then departed. The passenger whom the lad gave his mother's letter to must have been very unthoughtful, for he put the letter in his pocket where it lay for a day or two. Accidentally, he found it there and was surprised, then proceeded

instantly to the Windsor Hotel and handed the letter to the clerk in the office, instructing him to give it to the Duchess Davenport. The clerk sent it with a messenger to the Duchess Davenport; she opening it and reading the contents was astounded on finding it to be her own letter which she sent to her son. This puzzled her ingenuity, and she could not comprehend it. However, she proceeded directly to telegraph to her son, whom she thought was still in Davenport, although she was expecting his arrival here shortly.

She received a reply from the manager, informing her that her son had departed for London a week before, that being all they knew of him. After receiving this information from her manager, she returns to the Windsor Hotel, considering very much and thinking what would be the best thing to do. At length she thought that if he was lost in London, he would surely tell that he was the son of the Duchess Davenport, who at present is residing at the Windsor Hotel. She scans over the morning papers to see if there be any account of finding him, and in unfolding the paper looks up the account of the "Lost" and "Found" when behold, on looking down the column, she reads the following :

"A strange country lad fell off the mail coach at Piccadilly Square, and displaced one of his ribs. He was taken to the hospital and is now

lying there, slightly improving. Unfortunately the lad will not disclose any details about himself, not even where he resided, but continually remarks that his mother will come and take him away."

The Duchess Davenport almost fainted while sitting in her chair; only one of her attendants found her in that disagreeable condition, and sent instantly for a doctor. However it happened to be the same doctor who made his appearance and attended her unfortunate son.

The doctor at once prepared a draught and compelled her to take it. She soon revived after taking it and was herself again.

She then explained to the doctor what caused her trouble, by pointing to the letter and newspaper lying at her feet, then pointing to a place in the paper where it stated a boy was found, and desired the doctor to read it. The doctor obeyed and was also astonished, saying: "Madam, I attended your son yesterday. He fell from the mail coach and displaced a rib. I replaced it all right to its proper place; he is progressing favorably, I having departed just from there. Had I known he was your son, I could have informed you last evening."

"Well, doctor, your draught has given me great relief, for which I am thankful to you. Would you please to order a conveyance and have my son brought to me, and you will be rewarded by me," says Duchess Davenport.

"Madam, undoubtedly I will do anything for you and your son," replies the doctor.

"Thank you very much, my doctor," replies the Duchess. "I will obey your commands instantly. Please, do my bidding and rest yourself until I return with your boy. By this time he will be strong enough to be removed," remarked the doctor, who proceeds to engage a conveyance, and arrives at the hospital in quick time, informs the boy that he has found his mother, which delighted him. The doctor finds he is strong enough to leave the room, and prepared him. He also assists him to where the conveyance is waiting. All being arranged quickly, they depart for the Windsor Hotel, and on arriving there they meet the Duchess Davenport, who embraces her lost boy, he being equally delighted at seeing her once more.

The Duchess Davenport thanks the doctor very much and politely handed him a cheque on the Bank of London, for which he made a humble courtesy and departed.

There was a special apartment prepared for the young patient until he was convalescent, where his mother attended to his wants, supplying him with everything she thought of to revive him.

He related to her all that had transpired since he left Davenport, she patting her poor boy and saying she would not let him depart from her

sight again. He was satisfied with her kindness, and very quickly recovered, and accompanied her on long drives which they both enjoyed very much.

The late Duke of Davenport was very seldom in her company at this time, and knew not of his son's accident, for he frequented Monte Carlo, won and lost thousands, and deceived the patient-bearing Duchess Davenport, who never thwarted him, but concealed his depraved life from society as long as she was able.

It was then her own misfortunes came upon her, which was related in the former part of the story, when troubles, misfortunes, crowded down upon her. The Duke's death, also the loss of the young lady, Alvira, a bright young pupil whom she selected from a lady's conservatory in Cambridge, and sent her to Leipsic, Germany, to complete her musical education. Afterwards she sent a manager and instructor to prepare for her tour throughout Europe. They both were drowned. This destroyed all her brilliant prospects at that time, but fortune returned to her again in some mysterious way, she knew not.

Her son finished his education at college, where he won high honors, and is now residing with her in London, where they are now preparing to go travelling on the continent of Europe. They intend visiting their old estate in Davenport, having received an invitation from the present

owner. It will undoubtedly recall many pleasant recollections to their memories of the years gone past.

After a month's residence in London, Orea and Don Rosario proceeded to Davenport after viewing the sights of London, where they spent a most pleasant time, attending their accepted invitations, which were numerous, but caused them great delay in proceeding to Davenport. Now they departed with the tranquil wishes and compliments of all their numerous friends.

We will now return to the Davenport estate, where Orea is daily expected to arrive. The steward of his estate has been very busy in preparing and replacing articles of value which Orea sent home, they being presented to him from his patrons—rich treasures of great value.

Here, dwelling in his magnificent chateau, where all artifices and decorations are contained, what more could a mortal being desire of this world's gifts humanity does not understand.

Orea arrives for the first time to behold his future home and great estate, surpassing his most sanguine expectations. He never comprehended such a picturesque and romantic prospective which he now beholds, and remarks to Don Rosario :

"It is really all a paradise wherein to reside on this earth."

"You speak, Orea, most emphatically words of wisdom," remarks Don Rosario.

"Come, my trusted and faithful Don Rosario, to my private apartment in my chateau where we can settle our business now that we have leisure, in our retirement."

"Lead to your private apartment and I will follow you," remarked Don Rosario.

When seated in his private apartment, face to face, master and manager, pupil and instructor, here to dissolve partnership and the conditions of agreement we made when we first met each other in Leipsic —

"That agreement is now, my manager, dissolved, and we have now liberty, each of us, to renew our former Christian names."

"You will do as I propose, since the time we made the agreement, when success may crown our efforts for the way you conducted everything successfully, which indeed gave us success. Will you still continue in that capacity?"

Don Rosario answers "Yes."

"Then I will address you in your Christian name, Alfred Tremble. Also I will dispense with my male attire and resume my female attire and Christian name, Alvira Dunbar. This will surprise the world. We will keep it secret from the world yet awhile."

"The visit of the Duchess Davenport and her

son, the young Duke, who are expected to arrive here shortly—we must prepare to receive them. Her arrival will give you contentment,” expressed Alfred Tremble.

“Will you now please inform me what amount of money there is in the bank to our account since you informed me last before we came here?” inquires Alvira.

“I have prepared a statement of our account. There is now, after paying all expenses on our travels and the amount of the purchase and the repairing of the estate that cost you fifty thousand pounds sterling, there still remains one hundred and fifty thousand pounds to be shared between us three—you, the Duchess Davenport and myself. I now desire you to divide this amount in three portions,” states Alfred Tremble.

“Alfred Tremble, you were my manager. I leave it with you to decide the proportion each one of us will have,” remarks Orea.

“Excuse me, Alvira Dunbar, you have the best right to apportion it,” remarks Alfred Tremble.

“Well, will you be satisfied if I apportion it to the best of my judgment?” asks Alvira Dunbar. Alfred Tremble replying “Yes.”

“Then I will divide it in this way: Fifty thousand to you, fifty to the Duchess Davenport and fifty to myself. Are you now satisfied?” asks Alvira Dunbar.

"No; there is not justice in that for yourself to share with us equally," remarks Alfred Tremble.

"Have you forgotten the amount I expended on purchasing and repairing my estate?" asks Alvira Dunbar.

"Even that you are entitled to more, as you have been the founder of our success. Without you we would have nothing," replies Alfred Tremble.

"You are very considerate about my welfare, for which I esteem you; and I am satisfied, knowing you are true to me. This fifty thousand pounds is for the Duchess Davenport—you can give her half and I will give her the other half, also you can inform her that you were the friend who assisted her. She will then not be displeased with us, and you can relate to her all our romance, saying it was all accomplished for her benefit because it was her benevolent effort in preparing me for what I accomplished," remarks Alvira Dunbar.

"You speak sensibly. I am willing to consent to your proposal. It is honest and straightforward. Just as I speak the door-bell rings. The messenger enters with a telegram from the Duchess of Davenport stating they have arrived in Liverpool and will proceed directly to Davenport. This will wind up the whole transaction," remarks Alfred Tremble

"As soon as they arrive it will give satisfaction to us all, will it not, Alfred Tremble?" asks Alvira Dunbar.

"Yes, their arrival is desirable at this time; and when they arrive your steward will receive them during our absence, also escort them to the reception room, and when we arrive back again he will introduce us to them."

"The Duchess Davenport herself will be surprised at recognizing us, for she believed we were drowned. I will appear in the same apparel which I wore when departing from her to join you in Leipsic. You will also appear in your female attire, then she will at once recognize you as her lost Alvira," speaks Alfred Tremble.

"You have considered this matter out correctly. It will undoubtedly be the most practicable way to approach the subject."

Hark! the outer door bell rings, a messenger proceeds with a card to Alvira, announcing the arrival of the Duchess and the young Duke.

The steward receives them and escorts them to the reception room, inviting them to be seated, he seating himself beside them, and leads in conversation by inquiring, "How did they appreciate their tour on the continent of Europe?"

"We were exceedingly interested in all we saw. Our enjoyment was so satisfying that we were not anxious to return back to London. Only for that we would have remained much longer,

and having to meet Orea and Don Rosario, we came immediately here," remarks the Duchess Davenport.

They were both delighted at receiving your telegram, informing them of your arrival in Liverpool," replies the steward, "and I am exceedingly disappointed at their absence. They were not expecting your arrival until to-morrow. They intended returning late to-night. Now, will you please accompany me to their reception room, and I will leave you there until I return again with some refreshments which you no doubt require after your fatiguing journey?"

"I thank you kindly for your consideration," replies the Duchess Davenport.

"After you are both refreshed and rested you will retire to the sitting room where I will enlighten you in a problem you never solved, which may prove this visitation not to be fruitless to you and your son," says the steward.

"Ah, sir, this is exceedingly welcome news to receive from your lips, this acceptable, glad tidings of prospects unknown is a tribute from Orea and Don Rosario," states Duchess Davenport. "Now, pardon me; as I have other business to attend I must retire. When you desire going to your sleeping apartments, just touch this button and the chambermaid will answer and escort you there until the morrow when Orea and Don

Rosario will arrive and be prepared to receive you. I will bring you to their apartments. Until then I bid you adieu."

After the steward departed from them, the Duchess Davenport remarked to her son: "That problem he spoke about, which I had not solved, is a mystery to me that I do not comprehend."

"Mother, we have yet to solve that problem. This will transpire during our interview with Orea and Don Rosario, that is my opinion. Their absence at our arrival is strange indeed, mother. Things may yet transpire as the steward stated that our visitation would not be fruitless. By this, we may receive some surprise unexpected. Mother, let it not disturb you. Go to your apartment to derive sleep and rest. I will to mine also, as I am weary and tired. In the morning we will arise refreshed and be prepared to interview Orea and Don Rosario."

They retired and arose refreshed and contented with what transpired since their arrival in Davenport, also made preparations for their interview with Orea and Don Rosario. They waited patiently for the steward to arrive and escort them to the presence of their eminently respected patrons.

The steward arrived at their apartments and bade them good morning, and inquired if they had rested well during the night.

"Yes, sir, I slept remarkably well, and my son has just informed me he did the same."

"Duchess Davenport, you and your son may come to the dining-room where you can order what food you desire to partake of, then afterwards proceed to the drawing room where Orea and Don Rosario will appear and welcome you. They were delighted when I informed them of your arrival last night and are exceedingly anxious to have an interview with you now. They retire to the drawing-room, where they await Orea and Don Rosario, they not having to wait long, for instantly Orea and Don Rosario made their appearance, advancing towards the Duchess Davenport, who exclaimed "Alvira!"

"You are the Duchess of Davenport, are you not?" asks Alvira.

This sudden appearance of Alvira, whom the Duchess Davenport thought was drowned, gave her such a shock that she lost all consciousness and she could not utter a single word.

The young Duke tried to assist his mother by raising her to a sitting position, then he addressed Alvira as "Madam."

"Your presence has startled my mother. We were both expecting Orea and Don Rosario and you appeared instead. Please be you both seated. She will soon revive. Perhaps you have come to interview Orea and Don Rosario just as we came?" inquires the young Duke.

"No, sir," replies Don Rosario, "we have come to interview your mother and you. Do you not

recognize me? I made your acquaintance before."

"I do recollect your face. If I am not mistaken, you were the manager of the renowned "Orea" during his appearance in Liverpool, were you not?" inquired the young Duke.

"Yes, sir, you have succeeded in identifying me, and I have not the least doubt but your mother will also identify me as I made her acquaintance in time past when she engaged me as her agent. I have been transacting her business ever since, and I am prepared to settle up that business when she survives," remarks Don Rosario.

"Please, sir, who is this young lady that is attending to my mother?" asks the young Duke.

"I will inform you when she revives from her shock. See, she is improving wonderfully; she will regain her presence of mind immediately, then I will enlighten her and you in this mystery," says Don Rosario.

The Duchess Davenport revives and, opening her eyes, looks straight at Alvira's face, remarking, "Are you not Alvira?"

Alvira answers, "Yes, good Duchess Davenport; I am your lost Alvira."

This conversation between the Duchess Davenport and Alvira astonished her son, and he whistled to Don Rosario to adjourn with him

to an adjoining compartment, where he addressed Don Rosario thus :

"Please, sir, relate to me this agonizing mystery that annoys my mother and I, keeping us continually in great torment since we arrived here ?"

"Well, Duke, we were going to explain all when we entered your apartment, only for what occurred to Duchess Davenport, your mother. Now that we have retired here, I will relate to you all pertaining to this mystery which annoyed your mother and you so much. You may not be aware that your mother engaged me to proceed to Leipsic as instructor and manager to Alvira, her young musical friend whom she had taken from a musical conservatory in Cambridge, and accompanied her to Leipsic, left her there to complete her musical education.

"When I arrived in Leipsic, I made her acquaintance, my letters to her from your mother being my first introduction. I also heard of your father's misfortune and that the estate was to be sold. During my journey, hearing of your father's death, also of your mother retiring from her chateau at the Davenport estate, I sincerely thought of her downfall, surmising she would be reduced in circumstances, so I communicated to Alvira about her. She was considerably grieved about her noble benefactor, inquiring of me if I could propose any way to assist

her, as she herself was exceedingly anxious to help her. Then I proposed this proposition, knowing it would be to the Duchess Davenport's, also to Alvira's and my own advantage.

"Alvira being a young lady, could never be a success as a pianoforte exponent; then I advised her to forsake her sex and attire in male garments, also to change her name to Orea. This she was willing to adhere to, as it would be more successful. Then she said that she would perform any action to assist the Duchess Davenport if it would be to her advantage. Then I advised her to get leave of absence from her principal to accompany a friend of hers for a sail on the Rhine River, in Germany. He granted her request. Then we proceeded to Paris, where we assumed other names, Alvira taking "Orea," and I taking "Don Rosario." Afterwards we toured throughout Europe, where Orea received adorations wherever he appeared. This enterprising transaction proved to be abundantly successful. Then Alvira proposed to me on sending ten thousand pounds to your mother, for which I congratulate her. I also subscribed ten thousand pounds to hers, and despatched it to an agent in London, who delivered it directly to your mother, informing her it was from a friend she knew and would again know. She then desired me to appoint this same agent to purchase the Duke's estate in her name, which I accomplished to both

our satisfaction. After parting from you in London, we proceeded to Alvira's estate, where we transacted a settlement between Alvira, your mother and myself. The amount we had to our credit after purchasing the estate, paying all expenses for the repairing and finishing of it, amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. Then Alvira divided this amount between your mother, herself and I, which we considered a just transaction, creditable to us all.

"Now, Duke Montague, I have solved the problem to you. We will now return to your mother and Alvira; by this time she will have solved the problem to her, I having only to hand her my share of the fifty thousand pounds, which makes twenty-five thousand for me. It is very likely Alvira has given her share to your mother."

They proceed to their apartments, where they left Duchess Davenport and Alvira. As they entered, they were mystified at their absence, then they summoned the steward to appear and explain their actions. He informed them they departed by the eastern entrance and now are walking arm in arm, Alvira showing the Duchess Davenport the improvements she accomplished after taking possession of the Duke's old estate.

"We will follow them," remarks Alfred Tremble.

"I am willing to accompany you," replies Duke Montague. "Alvira may have explained our romance much quicker than I have done to you. Look, yonder they are resting by yon rippling brook that flows down through the garden. They notice us approaching," says Alfred Tremble.

"Will we disturb them or not?" inquired Duke Montague.

"We better not appear, they do not desire any intruders, they prefer being alone. We will now return to the chateau and await their return. In the meantime I will escort you through the interior of your old chateau, and you will witness the magnificent improvements that have taken place since your parents occupied it."

Through every apartment Alfred Tremble guided him, the young Duke remarking, "The artist who designed these decorations must have made a great effort in his art, they are so attractive to the eye of the beholder. No critic can find a flaw to criticise. This must have cost Alvira a vast amount of wealth."

"Yes, it has been very expensive, indeed," answers Alfred Tremble.

"Mr. Tremble, does she intend remaining here and retiring from her profession altogether?" asks Duke Montague.

"Well, she has not decided on that just at present. I understand she will remain here, en-

joying this delightful home and pleasant situation, which she admires with great admiration."

"Montague, look, here they are coming to the chateau. When they arrive I shall introduce you to Alvira. She recognized you when she went to assist your mother."

"Are you speaking now the truth, Alfred Tremble?"

"Yes, sir. Don't you remember in Liverpool, when you addressed her as Orea, she knew you were the young Duke and had much respect for you. Before we departed to London she visited your mother in her box in the theatre; on that occasion, then, you conversed with me, relating all about your youthful career," remarks Alfred Tremble.

"I comprehend it, Alfred Tremble, very well," says Duke Montague.

"Now they have arrived in their apartments we will go to them."

They went and found them in conversation. They welcomed us back.

"Alvira, allow me to introduce you to young Duke Montague. Remember, I introduced him to you when you were Orea—when you were personating a man."

"Yes, Mr. Tremble, I had the honor of making her acquaintance at the time when she wore male attire.

"I am quite satisfied and delighted with what

I saw ; it being a surprise to me to view my old home now, so substantial in its completion."

"Duke Montague, I am now simple Alvira, whom your mother befriended by sending me to Leipsic to complete my musical education. You are convinced of the rest?" remarks Alvira.

"Have you settled your account with the Duchess Davenport?" inquires Alfred Tremble. She answering him, "Yes; and I explained all about our romance, and it astonished her greatly."

"Now, good Duchess you must accept the same amount from me as you accepted from Alvira," remarks Alfred Tremble.

"Oh, kind sir! this is indeed gratitude returned tenfold. I never anticipated receiving such an amount of wealth, and I am also thankful at being informed that you and Alvira sent me the twenty thousand pounds by an agent in London, which I received from him—he relating to me it was from a friend who knew me, and would again; so I found him out to be truthful and trustworthy. Part of that amount I gave to Mr. Dunbar, Alvira's father, to purchase a dwelling for himself, wife and family, he having informed me that he spent all the wealth he made during his lifetime searching for Alvira. He was in very poor circumstances at that period—like myself, he thinking he would not find his Alvira again," speaks Duchess Davenport.

"Are they comfortably situated in their present dwelling?" asks Alvira.

"They were when last I parted from them. Then, with part of the twenty thousand, I purchased a valuable residence in the most delightful locality in London, where my son and I resided until we went on a journey to the Continent, and then returned here at your invitation, which has given us such a surprise that we were not expecting. How marvelous is our Almighty Father, who leads and guides us through life! I am confident He ordains all things which transpires to His people on this sphere," remarks Duchess Davenport.

"Good Duchess Davenport, will you please remain here with us, for Alvira and myself will be delighted at you and your son remaining in our company? We will make things exceedingly pleasant for you."

"Sir, I have not the least desire to return to my residence in London until I receive more of your kind hospitality. My son has also informed me that he desires to remain here longer, he being so infatuated with young Alvira," remarks Duchess Davenport.

"I have no doubt of that, Duchess Davenport. When on our travels she often inquired about him. I informed her of his good attributes, and it seemed to please her very much. I saw them going forth to enjoy recreation in the garden.

If it be your pleasure we will take an outing in the garden also. It will improve our appetite for our dinner when we return," says Alfred Tremble.

"Yes, Mr. Tremble, I am perfectly willing to accompany you to the garden," replies Duchess Davenport.

"Then I will pick some choice flowers for you as a remembrance of your coming with me," remarks Alfred Tremble.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Tremble, very much! I take it as an honor to accompany you after the kindness I received from you."

"Don't mention it. 'Twas just what you would accomplish for me had I occupied your place, for I have heard when abroad of your benevolence, although you were almost reduced to poverty—that caused me to have an affectionate compassion for you in your widowhood. Anything I can accomplish for your welfare I will be delighted to have it executed at once."

"Why, sir, you have already given me all I desire, except you give me yourself to be my second husband and share my wealth with me? for it was you gave me it all."

"Good Duchess Davenport, you offered me your affection before I could summon enough courage to ask you to be my wife. There has never been another female who won my heart as you, my dear Duchess Davenport, have done,

and should you desire to take me as a husband I will marry you at the earliest opportunity."

"We may be too rash in contracting this engagement. I desire some leisure to consult with my son, replies Duchess Davenport."

"Your son, madam, if I am not mistaken, is infatuated with young Alvira, also she with him, so there may be another marriage that shall transpire."

"I never once thought of that; it will be a strange coincident if such a thing should transpire. She to marry my son, and you, me, both our benefactors. This turn of affairs to my boy and myself is a greater mystery than what has already transpired during our acquaintance."

"Yes, good Duchess Davenport, it is undoubtedly a second mystery which you have solved.

"I propose we will now summon to our presence your son and Alvira to inform them of our engagement. You may have a private interview with your son, while I adjourn to converse with Alvira also, privately. They are, at the present time, enjoying pleasure in the flower house in the center of the garden. I will despatch a messenger with instructions, inquiring if they will kindly return to the chateau, as the Duchess Davenport is desirous to have an interview with her son on serious matters, pertaining to him and his mother. When they

arrive I will meet them and direct your son to your apartment, where you will have him to yourself to consult with him about our undertaking this solemn engagement of matrimony."

"In the meantime I will take Alvira to another apartment and inform her of my engagement to you, her former benefactor." At this time they were returning to the chateau. Alfred Tremble proceeds to meet them at the outer door, desiring Duke Montague to go to his mother's apartment as she is desirous to converse with him. He went directly to her, I following Alvira to another private apartment and addressed her in these words: "Alvira, I never took an undue advantage of you in any of our numerous business transactions, nor will not now. Listen to what I am going to relate to you.

"The Duchess Davenport has informed me of her affection, to which I answered in return—'Good Duchess Davenport, I loved you from the first time I met you, and have done so ever since.' Then I inquired of her if she would marry me. She answered, I shall instantly, as expeditiously, as I consult with my son. Should my son be favorable I shall marry you, become your wife, for you have made me what I am, rescuing me from poverty. My son has just related to me, before his departure, his unanimous respect and approval for your action and sympathy, which surpasses and astonishes him beyond comparison

with anything that ere transpired during his former life."

"Duchess, for his welfare, I am acting for his interests always.

The Duchess Davenport retires.

"Alvira, are you satisfied for me to become the Duchess' husband?"

"You could not find a more worthy spouse to choose. Her wealth and yours, I think, should satisfy you both during your lifetime," says Alvira.

"You speak, Alvira, most truthfully, but it causes me much sorrow parting from you so suddenly; even when I become her husband you shall enjoy our companionship. You are not to part forever, away from us and the young Duke, who shall now be my son-in-law.

"Alvira, however sincerely I desire your companionship, the Duchess has decided to return to reside in her new residence in London," remarks Alfred Tremble.

"Alvira, when you retire there then you have deserted from me. I must remain alone as a lonely hermit, dwelling in this chateau which I anticipated sharing with you."

"Now you are taking to yourself a wealthy Duchess, you sincerely cannot have any respect for me hereafter, or interest," says Alvira.

"Alvira, do you imagine that I would desert you and be so ungentlemanly to you? Remember

when I consoled with you at the time we were travelling together, you always gave in to what I proposed, and I never transacted any business without your knowledge and consent. Because the Duchess loves me and accepts me as her husband, you imagine I am going away to leave you entirely. It is a false conception on your part, Alvira, and displaces your memory when you accuse me of such ungratefulness, especially me, who has been with you continually until the present time.

"Listen : here is a secret which Duchess Davenport informs me of, which I shall relate to you, about her son the young Duke. He inquired of his mother if she would have no objection at him proposing to marry you, Alvira ; he stating to his mother that he loved you exceedingly, sincerely ; that you appeared to have the same affection and regard for him."

"Well, Mr. Tremble, did you inquire of the Duchess if her son said he had affection for me in return for mine ?"

"Yes, Alvira, he informed his mother of that, also he related this, that he appeared somewhat backward in approaching the subject to you at that time, but since he departed from you he wonderfully braced up his courage for a second opportunity to propose to you, and he also stated that if he succeeded in winning your affection and you consent to become his darling wife.

"The Duchess answered her son that you would be her daughter-in-law and benevolent benefactor, then she would admire you always.

"Now, Alvira, are you cognizant of our engagement?" asked Alfred Tremble.

"Well, Mr. Tremble, her son informed me of your engagement to her and I have no objection to your marrying her should you receive her son's consent to the union between you two, but for yourself I had exceeding love, because you were instrumental in making me what I am, what I was and what I am not, because you have not given me generosity, for that feeling is in my heart and past my comprehension and I cannot analyze it. I would not, I cannot relate to you what is working in my brain,—every real need of my nature is by you denied. Long ago, every thought of my brain and also my heart has been so long stimulated with love for you.

"Now, here face to face with you, who was so true and noble of heart, pure and true, thinking I had only to ask you to be my husband—after all for us two, who are both curious and experimental, it may be worth trying. What happiness, what emancipation, what deeper meaning may lie in the simple, every-day experience of man and wife. You no longer look at me, you seem to be angry with me, a different feeling altogether from the way you treated me before. I am much mistaken with your complacency, as a

man who has not kept to his pledge. So Mr. Tremble, now we part and friendly."

At this moment the young Duke Montague appears and related the following to his mother:

"Mother, I shall endeavor to arrange an interview with Alvira and make my request known to her. If she refuses to accept me, I shall return with Mr. Tremble and you to your London residence and end my life as a bachelor, as I never hereafter will recognize or give my affection to another woman."

"Well, my son, 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' You must have perseverance and dexterity to win her affection and consent. Should you accomplish your purpose, you shall win a fair woman who will bring you wealth, also your father's estate and the Dukedom of Davenport. Your prospect is in the ascendant; should all transpire as we expect, then all mysteries shall be solved, brighter prospects shall remain with us throughout our remaining life."

"Well, mother, I anticipate your desires shall be executed to our satisfaction. Now I will depart to interview Alvira, inquiring of her if she will accept me as her husband."

He departs from his mother on this crusade to win or fail. During his absence his mother's thoughts were upon him, wondering if he would be successful or not.

"My husband and myself shall enable him to

enter into an honorable and profitable business, where he will be independent of Alvira."

"You have arrived in time. I was anxious for your arrival, for I have some special news to relate to you. My son, before your arrival has departed from me to interview Alvira in her apartment on an exceedingly important matter, to inquire if she shall become his wife; but, as before, he may lose courage and return without proposing to her, for he is decidedly backward with ladies as the late Duke, his father, was," speaks Duchess Davenport.

"Duchess, I have now returned from being in her company for the past hour, where she conversed with me in regard to your son's amiable disposition and courtesy of manner, stating to me she had the deepest affection and adoration for him, but before consenting to his proposal she is desirous of knowing if you are agreeable that their marriage shall take place, as she believes you did not desire to part with your son, even though I am to be your husband."

"Mr. Tremble, you inform her I have no objection to my son joining with her in matrimony, only a kind desire that they both live and prosper and be happy in life. This is all the satisfaction I desire. Relate to her this information, if you please, and inform her of my desiring an interview with her in regard to our projective marriage—that is, should she consent

to become my daughter-in-law, which I shall be informed of when my son returns from his interview with her.

"When my son parted with me to interview Alvira, he found her in grief and sorrow. Inquiring what was it that troubled her so exceedingly as she appeared to be, Alvira answered him that her grief was her own and that she had no one to bear it for her, but linger on and suffer loneliness and retirement. It will kill her outright after her former stirring life. She never calculated on having to remain here a lonely hermit, deserted by her former instructor and companion on her starring days throughout Europe. Those were the days that gave her opportunity to enjoy bright prospects for the future. Now she is situated at a disadvantage by her instructor deserting her—here where he promised to abide with her until each of their lives were ended—just because she said I deceived her by turning you against her, to win you for myself! Ingratitude for gratitude for me.

"My son also impressed upon her that it was all a misunderstanding on her part, a complete transparency of her former opinion regarding me, who would not commit a mean action in regard to her benefactor, and I never expected that her instructor and companion would be a suitor for my heart and hand. However, Alvira

was told not to let this thought annoy or disturb her, as I was still her best friend and benefactor. It was me who despatched my son to propose to her to become his wife, and for him to bring Alvira to my apartment to bless them both, my son, stating to Alvira that he loved her dearly, inquiring if she would accept him as her husband?

"Alvira answered him that she could not decide that desire of his at present, although she respected him very much, for he was always obedient and dutiful to me, his widowed mother, when I suffered distress, also misfortune on my husband's account—who died by dissipation—which left me broken-hearted. She then told him that she was not settled in her opinion, agreeing to marry him until she made his acquaintance more than what she has accomplished up to the present time; also for him to have patience for a period to see what will transpire hereafter when her partner and me settle down to married life in my residence in the best residential location in London, where we retire from Davenport.

"Alvira understanding it to be our desire to remain there perpetually in peaceful unison while, passing our days in comfortable circumstances, living together.

"Then Alvira inquired of my son if she was wearying him with her recital; he answering

her that he could remain there continually and listen to her sweet, melodious voice, as she has spoken and related to him his disappointment, also failure of not receiving her to be his wife. My son beseeching her to give him some comfort before he departs from her, his only beloved one, whom he loved most sincerely since the first time he made her acquaintance—when he knew not she was a female—and since her disguise was discarded, he loved her desperately, although she discarded him.

“Now, my boy had no prospects of the future, therefore he asked her to have pity on him, stating that she would never regret it.

“Then Alvira told him not to persuade her for an answer, as she was unable to disclose to him her feeling, which is mournfully downcast with sorrow and disappointment, that things which lately transpired she never comprehended, and it was a great astonishment to her. Then my son stated he would desire very much to bear sorrows and troubles for her, should it bring her back to her former self.

“Then she informed my son, as not comprehending what caused her grief and anxiety since her return here, where she anticipated having rest, comfort, contentment and enjoyment.

“But, alas! she has none of the great attributes that she so much expected on her returning here

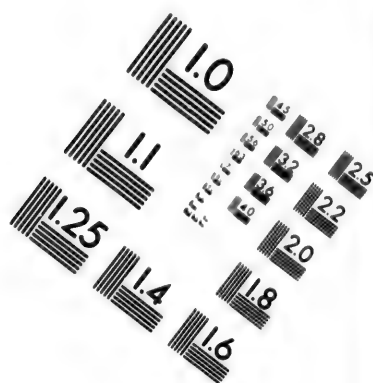
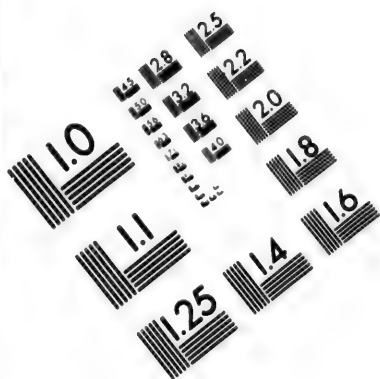
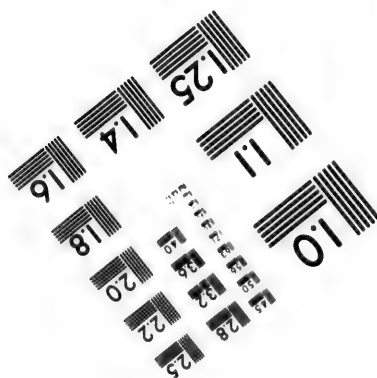
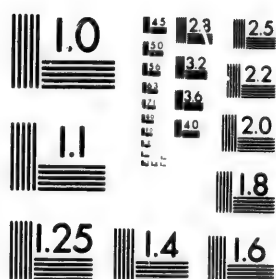


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to her chateau. She must forget the past and boldly look to the future. She may conquer again as she did in the first of her career when I sent her to Leipsic—those being glorious days for her and may be again by her own endeavor; for she shall not remain idle and pass her life as a hermit. Then my son asked her to come and relate to me what she told him, as I also might assist her to cast away all her grief and sorrow, but she would not join his company by proceeding with him to me. Then she said, 'I was the cause of her sorrow and grief, although I continually respected her, and do still; and while she fails to understand things I cannot explain to him. It is a mysterious feeling.'

"My son then stated if he could but pluck it from out her brain he would trample it under his feet, then she would regain her faculties to continue her former task. She then remarked to him not to let her detain him longer, as she was not herself just at present, that in some future time may converse with him and explain matters to him, which at this present time he could not comprehend. Then my son told her that she could take his heart now or never. She answered him that he spoke sincerely, and that it touched her heart; still circumstances debars her from accepting him as her husband, although she said at some future period it may be different entirely, and that she would not lose confid-

ence in him, as prospects may turn out superior to his estimation in the future. Then he informed her that he would apologize to me, his mother, on her behalf.

"I told my son to bring her with him, but she would not accept my invitation, but informed him to tell me that she would explain it all to me at some future time when she has leisure, and when her tortured memory revives, when the dimness departs from her eyes, and her understanding returns. She may then think and see as he thinks and sees. O! then they both shall see eye to eye, and love again one another. Parting with Alvira gave him great pain.

"But Alvira still refused to give her affection to him, although he told her that his affection remains and grows stronger as time goes past. In the future she may change her opinion, when the darkness shall return to light. She will expect to hear from him when they part, trusting that He who knows their minds and thoughts will ever guide them.

"Then my son parted with Alvira and returned to me, where I received him and inquired of him why it was he did not bring Alvira with him as I instructed him when he departed to visit her in her own apartments, he having been in her company for a long time, after which he approached the subject to her, she would not answer him yes or no, but continued speaking about things he could

not understand. Then when he informed her that I desired an interview with her, she appeared to be indifferent and exceedingly unnatural in her ways, and did not have any of her former frankness or exceedingly pleasant nature.

“Then when I asked my son if he inquired what caused this sudden melancholy which so greatly changed her disposition in regards to me, his mother, he stated she appears to have some remarkable affliction on her mind, for she is continually speaking about her former instructor, Alfred Tremble, and that she is a lonely hermit now, and likely to remain so in the future, as you, Mr. Tremble, promised to pass your future life with her on her estate when she purchased it, now you have gone and deserted her to become my husband, so Alvira anticipated passing her life in enjoyment and recreation with you. You made her life happy, prosperous beyond her former anticipation. Now she continually remarks that she has to remain alone in her lonely chateau, a friendless and forsaken creature away from the companionship of her former life, where she was courted as the only Orea, the celebrated impressario. This account she related to my son, and much more that she did not recollect, except this, which she surmised, is a jealousy of her, for me, wanting to marry you, Mr. Tremble. I believe her whole heart is centered in you. She seems to have given all her affection to you

and never thought once of loving my son, although he energetically pressed his suit on her—however, she would not accept him, but stated she had respect for him and for me, his mother, at one time. Now since things have transpired to keep her apart from my son, also you, her former instructor, and now stating that she would make an effort to live by herself, spending her income on the poor and needy who surround this neighborhood, believing it was God's work, and that it was he who gave it to her, and in God's work she would spend it. She has still her trusted steward, who will attend to her business, he understanding all that is required on her estate. She can rely on him, knowing he will transact every requirement to her satisfaction.

“My son, inquiring if I would advise him to relate this matter which will draw my attention to this sudden change in our prospects, which has not succeeded, as we desired, for my son has failed completely in his desire, now he is going to depart to a foreign country, for he cannot remain here any longer. His heart is broken, and to revive it he must have new scenes and adventures to arrest his memory away from the misfortunes of the past, which have overwhelmed him in sadness and despair. I advised him to keep calm and not get excited, that he still will have his mother, who always adores him, and I will give him my love instead of Alvira's, for

her love was only girlish, it being what we call passing love. My boy has been stunted in his affection, and I know he deserves someone superior to her.

"A man must be a coward to give way to his first love. I believe, Mr. Tremble, you will welcome him as myself, to dwell with us in our London residence, where he and I dwelt before. You, my husband, shall not interfere with him, so that our home he will appreciate like as he did before. We will both assist him to enter into business on his own account, then he will be independent, this being my advice to my dear boy, who requested from me this one favor, it being to grant him the price of a commission, also five thousand pounds, for he is going to join the army, he having a noble comrade in the person of Lord Lustre, who is also a Colonel in the British Army, and he presses my son very eagerly to join his regiment, which is about to depart to the Soudan, in Egypt.

"So he is desirous to join him, informing me that it is his only refuge at the present time. I told him I would not thwart him in his purpose, if he had fully considered the whole circumstance of the transaction himself.

"As a lieutenant in his regiment, he is desirous of joining him, should I oblige him by purchasing a commission for him, and also deposit five thousand pounds in the Bank of England to his

credit, which he may draw on when abroad, if he should be in want of it on any occasion. I then inquired of my boy if he resolved on this enlistment for a certainty, and if he desired undertaking and accomplishing it, I should have no objection in granting his request, that is, for to purchase him his commission in the army, which will cost one thousand pounds, also give him five thousand pounds to deposit in the Bank of England at his credit, where he may draw any reasonable amount he requires at his pleasure. Now my son shall not forget me when he departs from England. I have great expectations of his success as a great soldier, and my desire is that he shall return to me in London with honors, also renowned glory, that shall make him welcome to her Majesty the Empress Victoria and all throughout her great empire. Then he will be entitled to her respect and all society, and a princess he may succeed in winning for a bride. He answered me that he shall aspire to accomplish what I desire, at least he shall make a gallant effort in that attempt to win fame."

At this incident the young Duke Montague approaches his mother, she inquiring: "Well, my son, when do you depart on your journey to Egypt, for I have to make arrangements to give you the amount to purchase your commission, also to deposit the five thousand pounds in the Bank of England at your credit, then I am done

with you at the present, and wish you success in your endeavor, believing you shall triumph in my expectation."

"Well, mother, I trust I shall triumph as you desire, and as I desire; all shall then go happy with us."

"Now come, accompany me to the bank, and I will give you the amount of your commission, and where I will deposit the five thousand pounds to your credit, then we will part, I trust not forever. I shall be looking forward for intelligence of your safe arrival in Egypt, to face the unconquerable Dervishes who shall give the brave Sirdar an opportunity to prove to the world his qualifications in military tactics, to out-manceuvre the enemy and defy them, for they are vast in number to fight the brave British and Egyptian Army, led by the renowned and celebrated Sir Kitchener, Great Britain's unconquerable Chieftain in Egypt."

The Duchess, with her son, proceeds to the Bank of England, and she gives her order to the Manager to draw from her account to the amount of six thousand pounds sterling and place it to her son's credit, and, when he desires it, to withdraw one thousand to purchase a commission in the army. The Manager gives his assistants instructions to transact the business of exchange between her son and herself for the amount ordered, which they accomplish to

their satisfaction. Then the Duchess gives her son the amount he desires, with an order to draw at any future period the amount deposited in the Bank to his credit. After this transaction was completed between her son and herself they departed from each other, the Duchess returning to her residence, her son proceeding to the headquarters of the British Military establishment in London, where he purchased his commission and received his passport, then he proceeds to the Colonel of his regiment where he takes the vow of allegiance to serve her Majesty as a soldier in any part of her great empire. This ceremony was accomplished to the satisfaction of his Colonel. He was then taken in charge by his Captain, who commanded him to fall in with Company 10 as Lieutenant Montague, which he instantly accomplished after saluting his Colonel; then he retired to his Company, joining his regiment. At this incident there was a great hurry and bustle in the regiment, for the Colonel received his orders to embark on the 16th for Egypt.

They then departed on their voyage and the time passed quickly as they arrived in Alexandria in due time. From there they proceeded to the Nile River to meet with General Kitchener, whose army is marching on to Omdurman to attack the Dervishes in their securest stronghold, where they collect to await the coming

conflict, which is to settle the destiny of Egypt. Then the inhabitants of that land shall regain their liberty and freedom from serfdom and from the tyrant Dervishes, who swayed their power with tyrannical treachery to the humble slaves of that ancient land which shall behold more brighter days, with greater privileges, governed by Great Britain, who destroys slavery, giving liberty and freedom to her subjects.

Everywhere her banner sways o'er all her vast empire. Who would not uphold her standard would indeed be a slave.

No Britons would turn and shun the foe,
For Britons never, never, shall be slaves
Be it on land, or upon sea,

Britannia, Britannia, Britons shall defend thee.

Now, the Duchess Davenport and her intended husband, Mr. A. Tremble, after taking leave with young Alvira, departs to her residence and settles down to enjoy wedded life, anticipating spending her life in happiness and comfort. She was received by her London acquaintances with exceeding exultations, also finding her household servants worthy of her trust, as on her return she found everything in the most perfect order, and her servants also were delighted at her returning as Mrs. A. Tremble, instead of, as before, Duchess Davenport.

Now, when Mr. and Mrs. Tremble departed from Davenport to London, Alvira retired to a

private apartment to commune with herself, her thoughts taking in her present position, with all her responsibility now that she is left alone in this lonely position. She then spoke to herself, saying that she must endeavor to find new associates also order her coachman to bring her carriage and drive her all about the estate and all around Davenport. By this well planned contrivance she will make herself known to society and need not pass her life in idleness. Then her manager must be informed to give her a statement of all her affairs under his control. By this she will be kept from time to time very busy. She also contemplates inviting the most intellectual and respectable people of society to participate in enjoyment and pleasure at her chateau. Now she thinks, there's the Lustre family, including father, mother, two beautiful daughters, and two strapping, stalwart young sons, who are at present away in the army, fighting for the Empress Victoria in the Soudan, both brave young men, one a Colonel, the other a Captain.

Then there's the Murrays, who have also a noble family of boys and girls.

Then the Staffords, prominent people in this neighborhood, the head of the family a Judge in the Supreme Court.

Now, there's the great McPherson, a wealthy retired gentleman of the old school—he is a

conundrum and another Carlyle. His logic is wonderful, and just a person to entertain a company of learned people. But the Honorable Mr. O'Donaghue is of a different stamp to the others; they say he's quite a comedian in his way, and can keep a company interested for hours.

Now, my friend, Madam Leonard, keeps a first-class boarding establishment, where all the wealthiest bachelors reside, and everyone who knows Madam Leonard predicts the gentlemen who resides there are all of a superior class and no doubt will be welcome to my home with the warmest pleasure.

Then she has the poor in the parish to see after and to attend to, and she imagines these duties will occupy all her time, taking her memory away from the past unfortunate part of her life, when she lost him whom she loved sincerely throughout her starring tour all through Europe.

O! that she had continued on after appearing in London, instead of returning to her estate here to dwell in perpetual loneliness, forsaken by all who before had loved her, but, what her Heavenly Father ordains for her, she shall accomplish, for she believes He does all things well to those who trust and abide in Him, which she does for Him, her guide and protector, a more worthy protector than her former instructor who deceived her. However, she must be up and doing, not losing her opportunity at these

times, and thinking about the past and her disappointments. She must instantly carve out for herself in the future a new life, trusting on her Heavenly Father to assist her in her undertakings.

He is willing, He is able, He is her shield and protector and she will serve Him faithfully in all things, this being consolation to her.

She now goes to make preparations to visit the people whom she mentioned, and orders her coachman to bring her carriage instantly that she may depart to accomplish what she proposed, trusting that she may be successful in her undertaking at this time.

She sends her messenger to inform the coachman that she is waiting patiently for him. She has donned her fur wraps, for the autumn weather is disagreeably damp and cold. Then proceeding from the front door down the walk to her carriage, where she alights and is driven away instantly, this being her first venture to become acquainted with society in Davenport. Be it a success or not, she will pursue it to the end. She now enters her carriage and gives orders to her coachman and footman. To her coachman she gives a list of the names of the families she desires inviting to her chateau, also gives her card of introduction to her footman whom she informs to hand to the person who comes to the door of the first residence which they arrive at.

The card was an invitation to the family whom she was calling on, and stated : " This invitation is from Miss Alvira Dunbar, to Judge Stafford and family.

" I invite you, dear Sir, and family to visit me at my chateau on the evening of November 20th, 1898.

" Hoping you will accept my invitation as I am a stranger in Davenport, being the owner of the late Duke of Davenport's estate."

Many other families will also visit her on that date. She shall endeavor to make things interesting for them all, for she is very desirous to make acquaintances.

Now she has visited all the best families and left each an invitation, so she proceeds back to her chateau and makes preparations to receive her guests, for she intends to make this occasion a surprise to all, that when they view the late Duke's chateau and estate which has been so much improved by her, its present owner, they will be astonished, for they have not been here since the late Duke's death, and his Duchess who departed to London, where she now resides as Mrs. Tremble.

Now Miss Alvira Dunbar proceeds to make preparations, also to inform her butler of this entertainment that is going to take place in her chateau, and the arrangements she would like accomplished.

While she is speaking her butler arrives and enquires, what does she desire with him.

She answers him, that she is going to give a large reception to the elite of Davenport on the 20th November, 1898; she desires him to prepare a banquet, she, caring not what it will cost, only desires it to be first-class in all its arrangements, also that she can depend upon his efficiency to accomplish everything satisfactorily, for she knows he has the experience, and she will not interfere with him, as her time will be taken up receiving her guests as they arrive. Well, the butler informs Miss Alvira Dunbar that he will decidedly superintend this banquet to her entire satisfaction, also the guests, and she will not be disturbed on that account.

Then Alvira Dunbar proceeds to have her evening rest, and remains contented until their arrival here.

The butler then proceeds directly to the household servants to give them instructions about the different parts each has to accomplish, also notifying them that they must put energy into their work, for everything must be accomplished in perfect order, and, when they have finished, he will come and examine what they have done. In the meantime he leaves them to themselves, trusting in their responsibility in having everything perfect, as it ought to be on an occasion like this.

On the morrow, at an early hour, Miss Alvira Dunbar arose from her night's refreshing sleep, so anxious was she about the preparations of this her first banquet to her new friends, whom she was expecting in the evening. She then went instantly to her butler, but found him not in his waiting room, but proceeded to the banquet room, where she found him instructing the waiting maids in their duty, and was very much astonished also satisfied with the preparations which were accomplished during the time she was asleep. She thanked her butler for his promptitude in arranging everything so completely which gives her satisfaction. Now she retires to her toilet apartment to make preparations for the receiving of her guests. After completing her preparations she retires to her reception room, where she awaits to receive her guests and to pass the time. She sits down and glances over the answers she received to her invitations which amazed her exceedingly, for they were all accepted. At this she remarked she had triumphed in her action on this occasion; this gave her great pleasure and enjoyment at knowing they were all coming to her banquet, and she was now preparing to receive them as they came.

Her butler appeared to inform her of accomplishing everything in excellent order, and that he was prepared to place her guests in their proper

seats at the banqueting table, also that he reserved the seat at the head of the table, as it is the custom at large banquets of this kind, for the hostess herself, which he was sure she would eminently fill to the satisfaction of her numerous friends, who would undoubtedly express their admiration and thankfulness to her who has prepared this magnificent banquet for them. Now he informs Miss Alvira Dunbar that he will leave her for the present, and, if she requires him, if it be necessary at any time to assist her in any requirement to her advantage, he shall be only willing to give his assistance. Then he departs to the banquet hall, where he inspects everything minutely, not missing one single article if it be placed out of order. Then he instantly approaches the waiters and waitresses and instructs them the proper way to place things as they ought to be placed. All being now ready for the banquet, the guests all arriving in time, Miss Alvira Dunbar receiving them with profound courtesy and directing them to the reception room, where they mingle with one another, then joining in conversation, each family mixing among the other families, all chatting about their new hostess, her pleasant surroundings and dignity of manner, which astonishes each one remarkably.

After all the guests had arrived in the reception room it was an interesting scene to behold,

the magnificence of the various costumes bewildered and dazzled the imagination of the huge numbers, who mingled with each other. It was then the butler threw open the large folding doors which connects the reception room with the banquet hall. As each guest entered they were ushered to their allotted seats at the banquet table, and the hostess, Miss Alvira Dunbar, was escorted to her place at the head of the table by her butler. All eyes were scrutinizing her as she sat down, all was silent as the guests gazed upon her. She then arose and spoke to them, remarking:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I welcome you as my friends to partake of this supper which I have prepared for you, and I am exceedingly pleased and grateful to you all for accepting my invitation, I having a great desire to make your acquaintance, and I have now fulfilled my desire. I anticipate we will meet frequently hereafter in this way. Now I will call on my right hand friend, Judge Stafford, to ask a blessing before we partake of this, our first supper, together, which I trust we all shall appreciate."

Judge Stafford then rises and addresses the assembly, thanking the generous hostess who prepared this magnificent supper for all their pleasure. He trusts she will be no longer a stranger to us all, that we may hereafter have many entertainments like this one. Now he

asks a blessing before partaking of the good things set upon the table, hoping every one will partake of what is set before them, with enjoyment and gratitude to the giver of the grand supper.

After the thanksgiving, the assembly partake of the delicacies set before them, the waitresses supplying their wants to any eatables not within their reach. Thus the supper continues with tranquil simplicity and uniform concord with each other until it ended.

Then the guests retire to view the whole interior of the chateau, which completely surpasses all their expectations, such artistic perfections they confessed never having witnessed before and such exceeding uniformity of design as they beheld the magnificence and splendor of the whole interior decorations which all remarked must have cost a fabulous amount of wealth and each one inquiring from one another as to how she accumulated so much wealth, she appearing so young, but exceedingly well instructed in all matters pertaining to society.

"And she also is a lover of art, there is no disputing that, and may be a professional in some art."

"One of the company heard the remark that she was an exceedingly accomplished musician, and when we all retire again to the banqueting hall she will endeavor to entertain and amuse us

by playing some of her own compositions, which shall show that she must be an exponent of first-class music. What a pleasure they all shall derive from her performances on the pianoforte; it will be to them all exceedingly agreeable, will it not, Miss McPherson?" asks Judge Stafford.

"Yes indeed, it will delight us all with enthusiasm, for I was informed that she is an expert performer on the piano," replies Miss McPherson." Then the guests all assembled again in the banquet hall to hear and see the best manipulator of piano technic that they ever heard of or may not again, she being a perfect wizard, and will undoubtedly become as celebrated as the renowned Orea was whom they hear no more about. It is likely he has dropped down into another sphere below this earth which they live upon. But this young hostess is worthy to take his place, and is the only one qualified to be his successor in the musical world.

After inspecting the interior and outside of the chateau, the guests all returned to the banquet hall and occupied the vacant seats and waited patiently the coming of their kind and respected hostess, who is now to entertain them with her classical music.

"Here she comes," cries out one of the assembly, and the rest of the assembly give her a rousing welcome, after which the young hostess makes a gentle courtesy, then sits down in front of her

grand pianoforte, from which she brings forth rippling music, so bewildering to her hearers, who listen silently without a motion, and appearing as if like dumb statues, so amazed were they at the young performer before their eyes, who seemed not to be a human being but a new musical creation.

When she finished her musical selections she arose and addressed her guests saying, "Good friends and acquaintances, it affords me exceeding pleasure to perform on the pianoforte and I sincerely hope that I have given you all pleasure and enjoyment. I hope you will pardon me if I was lacking in my duty to any of the guests assembled here during this entertainment, for my time was so continually occupied that I could not converse with each one of you separately, which I would have desired to accomplish. Still, I may have another opportunity to converse with those whom I neglected on this occasion.

Now the hour is late and some of the guests may be anxious to depart, so I bid you farewell, hoping peace and happiness may be with you all. Then we'll have remembrance of this event until we all shall meet again on some future occasion."

Her guests then arose en masse to extend their congratulations to their hospitable entertainer whom they all adored, then they sang a parting ode, and gave three vigorous cheers,

which the young hostess humbly acknowledged by waving her handkerchief.

The guests then passed out to take their conveyances to proceed to their homes, and this ended Miss Alvira Dunbar's magnificent banquet, it being the first she gave in her celebrated chateau.

This was chronicled in the London press, and gave society something to talk about, which they were not prepared for.

Now, we go to London and follow the Duchess of Davenport's career since she retired to her London residence, where she is now Mrs. Alfred Tremble, having married Mr. Tremble, her former agent. They have been married one year and take life very comfortably, by taking in all sorts of amusements, and frequently join in the chase after the hounds, as the Duchess was always an expert and fearless rider. She often braved obstacles that came in her way that male riders would not venture. Her second husband was also a smart horseman, and when out on their runs they enjoyed each other's company immensely.

The Duchess had many friends in London when she was the wife of the late Duke of Davenport. Those friends remained true to her, and they spent many pleasant and sociable hours in their friends' homes. They also attended and enjoyed the fashionable entertainments given

by the elite of London. So this enjoyment kept them always interested, making their lives very happy. But, alas ! a very sad time came to them, which happened during one of their usual hunts.

The brave and daring former Duchess accidentally fell off her Arabian stallion and was killed outright. This was a scene of a sorrowful surrounding, as all the gay riders approached the place of the accident. Strong and great men wept like children, for so much they loved the brave Duchess. Even her stallion stood over her and pawed the ground where its noble rider lay beneath him. It was all the other riders could do to take him away from the silent body which was lying on the damp clay. At length they blindfolded him. Then they succeeded in getting him away. The scene then was exceedingly solemn, as they departed with the noble animal blindfolded, and strong men again wept bitterly at the instinct of the noble animal, who must have comprehended what had happened to his brave rider. Then they brought the remains of the lovely Duchess to her residence. The cortege was silent and sad as they departed from the unfortunate place of the accident, the broken-hearted husband walking beside the bier on which they were carrying her, the tears streaming from his eyes. O, what a pity ! O, what sorrow must he have felt on that

trying occasion it is past understanding to those who did not witness the sad event.

On arriving at her late residence, they laid her body gently down on a satin shroud and placed white lilies all o'er her silent breast.

There, lying silent in death, was the noblest Duchess that ever lived on this earth; she was not proud and haughty but humble and benevolent to the poor and unfortunate who dwelt around her former great estate in Davenport; and after she became a widow she still was benevolent; and when she lost everything and had to go teaching music to support herself, also educate her only son, the young Duke, who is now fighting in Egypt for his Queen, Empress Victoria; he having received great honors from Her Majesty, and is expecting to return home with the other heroes who escaped slaughter by the tyrant Dervishes whom they defeated, and are all returning to England as conquerors, where they shall receive a magnificent reception from the British people, who will gladly welcome them home again to their Queen and country.

In the meantime a jury was selected to hold an inquest on the death of the Duchess. They met and made inquiry how the accident was caused, and were informed by the witnesses who saw the accident occur that she spurred her charger to the task, but he failed to clear the ditch by one foot, then rolled to the bottom of

the ditch, and his whole weight fell on his heroic rider, which instantly killed the unfortunate, who died without a struggle.

Kind witnesses who saw the accident, raised the animal off her; she never moved or spoke a word. At last her companion and fellow-riders came galloping to the place where the accident occurred, and were all astounded at the fatality which faced them in that fatal ditch. No word was spoken, silence reigned as they stood amazed looking down on that ghastly spectacle, who once had life and virtue, without one blemish to mar her spotless purity. No wonder silence reigned and nothing to disturb that ever-to-be-remembered agonizing scene, as stated before. They carried the dead body to her late residence, where she lay under a canopy spread with imperial satin, and her covering was the native English white lilies in full bloom, well matched with the pure lily that lay underneath in death's calm and everlasting sleep. May she by this be with the angels in heaven singing hosanna to the Everlasting Being, her great Almighty Father, whom she served faithfully on this earth. Hark! the mournful wail of the march of the dead, as they bore her away to her last repose in her silent grave, there to remain to the resurrection, where we shall know each other as we know each other here. What a glorious meeting there, then, will be to those who trust in the Eternal Being, who

gave us a body and placed life into it, and all human reason; and He has power to take us away at His own time, where He takes us to His mansion to be ever with the saints above, if we shall in our present life obey His commandments.

After the funeral came to an end, each one of the company of mourners who followed the dead to the grave, paying their last respects to the dear departed one, left the place of burial, returning all to their different abodes, thinking upon what they may not have thought before. Thus their own bodies will also be in earth to fade away to nothing. They console themselves by believing the dust shall grow again into human form, with its faculties restored to new and everlasting life, in the Kingdom above, where they all shall meet again with departed ones.

O, what a glorious prospect for those who live here faithful, toiling on this earth in God's vineyard, looking and waiting with glad expectations to the new coming of life in the New Jerusalem, and every believer then shall again recognize their long-departed relations and friends. O, what an attractive compensation for the reverses, trials, conflicts and failures of this life here upon this earth where Satan holds control.

To continue my subject, I must follow the late departed Duchess' second husband, who is now a widower. He returns to his late wife's re-

sidence, where he appears almost broken-hearted. The household servants are all grieved at his great sorrow, and they minister to his comfort and relief respectively that he quickly revived his former self. Then he meditated on the past and on the future, imagining that his life was not a wreck, and that his Almighty Father had severely punished him for his unfaithfulness to his lost and best friend, also companion, for whom he was instructor and manager, the once celebrated Orea, whom he brought out before the people in all the capitals of Europe, which proved very successful, and resulted to the advantage of the persons interested who all accumulated fortunes, one of these being the late Duchess, who has left her portion to her son, who is now in the Egyptian army, and it is most likely he shall not return to claim his late mother's fortune, as she had received no word whether he was slain or was still alive.

This puzzled Mr. Alfred Tremble, husband of the late Duchess, who surmised to himself as regards who should receive this immense fortune. He thought his former pupil and himself were now the legal heirs to claim it, and he must inform Alvira of the death of his wife, the Duchess. It shall be a great surprise to her when she hears the sad news, also the departure of the late Duchess' son, who went to Egypt, where he is supposed to have been slain

in battle. Then he will send her his compliments, inquiring if she will pardon him for the unbecoming way he forsook her after the promise he gave her when they were in partnership and accumulated what they did to both their interests. Now he remarks how unfortunate he has been in that affair, just because he loved the Duchess and married her. He also states that if his former pupil has any respect for him now, as she had before, which he does not think she has, but she, he believes, did adore him, but now since he deceived her she may not answer his letter of information about the death of the Duchess. However, should she not he will endeavor to have an interview with her when she shall not be expecting him. Then her old time regard for him may return, and should it turn out like this he will propose to marry her, and become joint heir with her for the late Duchess, his wife's estate, this being his one object during his life. Win or fail he cares not what will transpire, and if he succeeds, as he has done in his first career with Alvira, this shall satisfy him. Then he shall end his life in serving his Maker more worthy than he has done in the past. He shall now wait patiently to know if Alvira will answer his letter which he mailed to her.

After waiting some time and not hearing from Alvira, he instantly takes his departure to her

estate in Davenport. Then he will meet her in some place unawares, and endeavor also to conquer her will, as he had accomplished before when she was the renowned Orea, so he shall undoubtedly be as successful in his undertaking again, for a faint heart never wins a second time. Now he shall remain here in this residence of his departed, and await the time to act promptly in this important matter, which shall occupy his whole attention until it be a complete success.

So now, dear readers, we continue the tale and go back to Davenport, Alvira's estate, where we left her as her guests had all departed to their different homes. She was now so satisfied at what she had accomplished by that entertainment, for it made her name known to all the people throughout the Davenport neighborhood, and since then she had several visits from other respectable people, who were also pleased at making her acquaintance, and they kindly invited Alvira to come and visit them, which she did, and was exceedingly delighted by the way she was received by her good friends. They were also delighted at having her company, as she was so very highly accomplished, so they enjoyed her company immensely, and were loath to part with her, as she was so interesting in every way.

At this time, while Alvira was on her visiting tours, she was driving in her own carriage with

a very spirited pony, who took fright at some obstacle that lay in its path, which caused him to run away, upsetting the vehicle and the driver, and the spirited pony dashed away with such fleetness with one wheel and half of the vehicle after him. At the time of the accident a young gentleman was riding by in the opposite direction, and noticing the accident quickly jumped from his saddle to assist Alvira, who was lying down beside her part of the vehicle by the gutter on the road. He raised her gently up, and taking his handkerchief to wipe the perspiration which was dropping down her cheeks, afterwards wiping the dust off her dress, Then he took from a small case a bottle which he always carried in case of an emergency. He insisted on her taking one mouthful, which she obeyed without objection. It relieved her instantly that she was herself once more.

Alvira then inquired the stranger's name.

He informed her that he was Mr. Edmund Percy, son of Lord Percy, assistant chancellor to Her Majesty. She then remarked to him that it was fortunate for her that he came this way to relieve her from this predicament and was very much obliged to him for his promptness in relieving her from such an awkward position into which she had fallen.

"Well, maiden, I do not know your name," answered the young man. She answered him

that her name was Alvira Dunbar; then he inquired of her how far from here did she reside.

She then told him that her residence was on the outskirts of the border yonder to the west, and that he could almost see her chateau from here on this hillside, can he not?

Then he asked: Does she mean to inform him that she is the owner of the late Duke of Davenport's estate?

She then relates to him that she is the only possessor of it and also of his great chateau.

Mr. Percy then told Alvira that he was informed at the time of the sale, and if he recollects aright the name of the purchaser was then "Orea" the celebrated pianist. At this, Alvira informed Mr. Percy that his recollection was quite true, for her name was formerly "Orea," but for the present she cannot relate to him the circumstances which made the change in her name, yet she may in some future time when she has made his acquaintance more.

He then says to Miss Alvira that he will let her have the use of his horse to carry her to her chateau, and that she may keep him in her stable until he comes to take him away. Alvira then tells Mr. Percy that he is exceedingly kind and asks how he shall get home himself as it is a long distance from here to his place?

"No, it is not a great distance from here, just an hour's travel," replies Mr. Percy.

"O, sir, it is indeed far too much to expect you to walk that distance," insists Alvira.

"O, I have not so great a distance to go, and I am strong enough to travel that length," remarks Mr. Percy. Alvira then says she has not the least doubt of him not being able. But he replies that he is a man and she is a weak woman and it may tire her out before she reaches her destination, and then she would be sorry at not accepting his gentle horse.

Well, since he is so obliging, she will accept his gentle horse, also if he will please to assist her into his saddle, then she will thank him and depart.

"Stay then." He proceeds to bring his gentle horse to her, who is grazing by the side of the turnpike road ; he will not be long in returning.

He goes quick and returns with his charger, also assists Miss Alvira to the saddle. With a smile she bids him good-bye and away she goes on a canter. Then he stood by and watched her until she was out of sight. He then proceeded to his own home light-hearted, remarking to himself, "that she is a daisy." Where in the world has she sprung from? he shall have another opportunity to meet her when he calls for his charger, and may then understand her better.

How strange ! A maiden so innocent and fair, a treasure to dwell with, an only heir, and still more, the only one to possess such a valuable

estate, which the late Duke of Davenport at one time possessed. However, there seems some mystery surrounding this and he will endeavor to sift it out to the end, come what may. He will not forget that smile which she gave him when departing on his charger. This, now, is all, until he meets her again.

Ah! He has arrived at his home sooner than he expected, and still thinking about that interesting smile and bewitching, lovely young creature, whom he has no doubt but that she has arrived at her chateau by this time, and he is very anxious to proceed and bring his charger back, but he considers that he will delay his going for three days yet, then she shall be more satisfied at his coming. So by this time Miss Alvira arrived home safely, and left the charger in charge of her coachman and entered her chateau, when behold, she receives from her steward a letter from London, and from her old instructor also a newspaper with a full account of the Duchess of Davenport's death, which happened so suddenly when she was riding in the chase after the hounds. Alvira then stated that this was such a shocking accident to the dear Duchess, her former benefactor. At her departing she wished her great success in her second attempt at joining in matrimony; but, alas! she is no more, and although she consoles with her, she shall never know it, poor Duchess. She for-

gives her, but not him, who was her second husband, Oh! no, she is done with him forever, and hopes he shall never visit her, for she could scarcely welcome him to her chateau again. He should have judgment enough to keep away after he deceived her the way he did. She then reads his letter, and he states that he may come and visit her on any occasion and at her convenience. She has only to let him know and he shall instantly come. Alvira writes him a letter stating that she is going to take a trip to Scotland for a short time to visit a particular friend whom she respects very sincerely, and thinks this will indeed put him off for a while, and will give her also a chance to entertain this Mr. Edmund Percy when he comes for his charger. She thought he would have come the next day, but he has not yet. However, she has still his gentle charger, and shall keep him in her possession until Mr. Percy comes to claim him.

At this moment the door bell rings. She informs Henry, her valet, to see who it is, and if he be a gentleman, to bring him to her. Young Henry returns with a card for her. On it was written: "I am Mr. Frank Bothwell, son of Barrister Bothwell, and have business to transact with Miss Alvira Dunbar."

After reading the card she ordered Henry to bring Mr. Bothwell to her.

So Henry enters, accompanied by Mr. F. Both-

well. Alvira then asks what is the business he has to relate to her?

Mr. Bothwell then sat down, remarking that he has some documents for her to sign and would like her first to read them over, then she shall understand what brought him here.

Alvira then reads the documents over and finds out what they report, exclaiming: "Ah! the Duchess has not forgotten me yet, for here is a statement of her will, leaving me the half of her income, the other half, also the residence, goes to her son, the young Duke. No account is given of what her husband, Mr. A. Tremble, is to receive. How comes this, did she love him or not? She doubts it very much." However, she inquires of Mr. Bothwell if she will sign these two documents?

He answers her yes, telling her that those documents show her what is coming to her from the late Duchess of Davenport's last will and testament, and when she puts her signature to them she can draw the money out of the Bank of England at any time, for those documents show the manager that she is entitled to it.

Alvira then thanks Mr. Bothwell exceedingly for the information he has just given her, which she understands thoroughly now, and tells him to give her kind respects to his father, whom she had heard about before from the late Duchess

of Davenport, who informed her of his honorable character, which she proved at a certain period in her life when all her prospects had failed, for he had the statement of her late husband's, the Duke of Davenport's, estate also. He sold the property at a much greater value than it was worth ; so the late Duchess and her son received a large amount which they never expected, so Alvira is now aware of this very interesting action on his father's part to carry out faithfully this the last will of the ever faithful Duchess, so she will not detain Mr. Bothwell any longer, and thanks him for coming to transact his father's business with her, also inviting him to come again to Davenport and call ; also spend his time in her company, and she will endeavor to interest him.

Mr. Bothwell then thanks Alvira, saying, he will gratify his desire, and bids her farewell.

Alvira then retires and thinks over this great and kind consideration of the late Duchess for her, for she did not expect such gratitude and reward from her, for the Duchess was aware that she had sufficient wealth, and it is a great surprise to her that the Duchess did not leave it all to her dear son, whom she loved sincerely.

Alvira then read in the newspaper that the late Duchess' son could not attend her funeral, as he was in the army at Egypt fighting the Dervishes at Omdurman, where in London it

was reported he was one of the slain. Yet she read in another account of the war being over and that the English Army were returning home to London.

Then she remarks, she shall know definitely should he be slain in battle, when they arrive, and that she is now sorry for treating him as she had done, remembering how he pleaded with her to give him her affection and become his dear wife. She certainly would have accepted him for her husband had she not thought his mother had poisoned her former instructor's mind against her, but now Alvira says she cannot cherish this thought any longer, when she found out that this honorable act of the Duchess, making her a sharer in her will and forgetting her second husband, who mourned in great sorrow for her so much when she was killed, and Alvira believes that the Duchess had not much love and regard for him, only the Duchess thought in marrying him that Alvira would also marry her son.

The Duchess' son then informed his mother that Alvira was infatuated with her own instructor and that she would certainly have married him. Then he would not have got Alvira for his wife.

It was then the Duchess informed Alvira's instructor that she loved him exceeding sincerely and that she would accept him as her husband.

So Alvira's instructor answered her yes, and that was the unfortunate way of it all; and

Alvira is satisfied that God has ordained this all for her good, although she loved the Duchess' son very much after she made his acquaintance but did not want to encourage him because she loved also and thought much of her instructor, whom she relied upon in her former career.

Then Alvira inquired of her instructor if he would make her his wife? He informed her that the Duchess of Davenport was already his promised wife, and that he could not disappoint her or go back on his engagement, for she has given him her consent to join in matrimony with him.

Then Alvira informed him that she would not recognize him again and that he was lost to her forever.

She says the Duchess did not love him, but was just marrying him so that she may marry her son. Then Alvira's instructor told her that she was greatly mistaken if she thought that of her former benefactor.

She still stated to her instructor that it was all over, and forgives the good Duchess as she did before; but as for him, she shall hardly ever forgive him for the way he deceived and forsook her for marrying the Duchess.

Now, returning to London we find Mr. Tremble, waiting patiently to hear from his former

pupil, the celebrated Orea, but now who is named Alvira Dunbar. He is sitting in the parlor of his late Duchess' residence, and going to the table finds a letter which he takes, then sits down and reads it. It is an answer from Alvira in return for the letter which he wrote her, and after reading the contents of the letter he was not in the best of humor and appeared to be disappointed with what he had read. Then folding the letter he placed it in the envelope, then, puts it in the breast pocket of his dress coat. He then sat down (like a statue) in a serious mood, his eyes staring straight into vacancy, resembling some lunatic, as he sat there in dead silence not a motion in his whole being. He must be thinking most seriously of what he read in that fatal letter, and at length he murmurs to himself: "She is departing to Scotland to meet a particular and respected friend of hers and she cannot inform him when she will return home." However, he considers that he has missed an important opportunity for she will be gone; so he knows now that he has accomplished a retrograde action and that it is a mistake of the first magnitude. This destroys all his bright anticipations. However, he must persevere to unravel this difficulty in which he has placed himself. He then surmises that she by this time may have arrived in Scotland, but does not state the time of her return; that's what she stated in her letter

to him. Therefore she wants to keep him in ignorance of her return to the chateau, evidently this is the plan she executes to deprive him of an interview with her. Then he recites to himself that he shall confound her purpose, and proceed to Davenport to await her returning home from Scotland. Thus he will have an opportunity to converse with her Ladyship Alvira Dunbar, the late celebrated "Orea" the impressario.

Mr. Tremble says, Alvira's warning to him when he married the Duchess was, that she never loved him, has now come true, for had the Duchess loved him as fondly as she declared to him her affection, then why inquire if he would accept her as his wife? and remarking, that he little knew at that time she was planning for the welfare of her son whom she expected would marry Alvira and become the real Duke of Davenport. And by that union he called himself a fool for letting his wife, the late Duchess, outwit him, for he knows now the cunning plot which was executed to catch him, and taught him a lesson which he shall never forget. Still he thinks she must have been jealous of him, for her son informed her that Alvira loved him exceeding sincerely. 'Twas then her jealousy commenced. Then she put her wits to work to invent a way to win his affection, which she succeeded in doing. Now he said he must be alert. Now that her son is

slain he cannot become Alvira's husband, but yet Alvira also may outwit him, he thinks, by taking for her husband her particular and respected friend whom she is now visiting in Scotland. Then he again shall be disappointed, but he would communicate with her in Scotland if he had her address. only she was so cunning not to send it to him. However, this teaches him that she has no regard for him. Then he wonders what he shall do in such a predicament. Therefore he concludes the only thing is to wait patiently and see what shall transpire when Alvira returns to Davenport, and he shall watch to see if she returns with a husband or not. This would relieve him immensely. He will now proceed to Davenport and await her arrival before proceeding to another station, but if he fails in this he shall have another opportunity to defeat her and control her action, as he had done before without any disputes from her.

We shall now leave Mr. Tremble in his late wife's residence, and follow up Alvira Dunbar. We left her in her own chateau waiting patiently for young Mr. Edmund Percy, son of Lord Percy, whom she was expecting to come for his gentle charger. He did arrive, and she received him with pleasure, welcoming him in a right royal manner, as she alone could accomplish. Her kindness and liberality Mr. Edmund

Percy could not comprehend when he parted from her that bright early morn in midsummer when the flowers bloomed all round her fairy chateau, and she the fairest flower of them all. Then Mr. Percy sat down and communed with himself again about the bewitching and mysterious young creature who dwelt in that magnificent Chateau, a lonely mistress of a vast estate, with hundreds of employees to obey her commands. This astonished him immensely, stating that if she had but accepted his advances he would instantly propose to her, but alas! he thinks there is some mystery surrounding her person, which to extract is an impossibility. As for a human being, he thinks she is indeed one of the greatest puzzles in existence, she is unfathomable, no one can interpret her mystery, it's concealed down, down to the very root of her heart and would take all the science of a philosopher to extract the mystery from her brain. Now he states he shall persevere and endeavor to fathom this unconquerable mystery, should it take him a lifetime and will solve it or die in the attempt, being so agitated and excited all about that one marvellous creature, who almost drove him crazy; the very thoughts of her as he rode homeward on his steed continually annoyed him, he had no peace, nothing could divert it from his mind.

Mr. Edmund Percy now arrives at his mother's

residence, puts up his gentle charger and enters his mother's home, where his mother met and welcomed him, enquiring how Miss Alvira Dunbar received him. He informed her that she received him most sincerely, displaying abundant frankness and pleasure at his appearance. She also showed him much respect, her manner and presence was so bewitching as she gave him full freedom of her idolized chateau, leading him around and showing all the costly treasures which she received while abroad throughout all Europe, which Empresses, Emperors, Queens, Kings and Presidents of different republics gave her, these being valuable heirlooms to be revered by her during her remaining lifetime, and by her children hereafter, should she become a wife. Mother, these treasures are more valuable than her estate and ours too, so you can comprehend what wealth this Miss Alvira possesses on her own account. I was also conversing with a stranger whom I chanced to meet. He apparently was well acquainted with Alvira, and he related to him all Alvira's past history. It was a thrilling account of her former life and would occupy too much of his time to relate it all to her, for the full account of Alvira's former life is most wonderful indeed for one so young and gentle as she undoubtedly is. However, she invited him to pay her another visit sometime when he had more leisure, also that

she would be exceedingly interested in his coming back again. So he informs his mother that he shall call on her at some future time.

His mother wishes him success in his endeavor to win her affection, for it would be a great triumph for him, and warns him to keep this meeting a profound secret between Alvira and himself, from his former lady-loves in case all may not transpire as they desire.

Mr. Edmund Percy obeys his mother's proposition, for it is the safest way to act in this matter. He bids her farewell and retires to his bedroom for he is weary and in need of rest. His mother remarks, may God be with her boy, and when he sleeps may it be the sleep of the just, who delight in goodness under all difficulties which may lead him away from rectitude, and follow her boy in the path of righteousness, then he shall never fall away from the grace and love of his Almighty Father, who is his Guide and Protector, and trusting in Him he shall succeed in his present life.

He then tells his mother that she may have confidence in him and bids her farewell. The mother then kisses her boy and says good-night.

After Mr. Edmund Percy departed from Alvira she said, that he was exceedingly handsome and so interesting in his conversation which shows that he had a perfect knowledge of matters historical, which take a practical master to

accomplish. He, moreover, is well educated and has won her good estimation for his frankness and ability, and she believes he has come of noble ancestors, for the Percys came of a very ancient family, who were all exceedingly brilliant masters in ancient times, some were Professors, others Astronomers, Academicians, their works and names are famous in Greece, that country which is renowned in history, for its people were geniuses in all their special works.

"Henry, I hear that bell ringing; please attend to it." Henry proceeds immediately, and finds the gentleman who rang the bell and escorts him to Alvira's apartment, and when he entered Alvira almost fainted away as she beheld Alfred Tremble, her former instructor, whom she notified that she had departed for Scotland. However she braced herself for the occasion as matters did not turn out as she had desired; then she remarked that he knew she was going to Scotland, then what brought him here so quickly? Mr. Tremble then said, "It was just because Alvira did not answer his second letter."

Well, she said she had not time, but that he has arrived as soon as the letter has.

So Mr. Tremble thinks the letter had been delayed some way, for he mailed it eight days ago. Then he asks her if she is still going to Scotland? Alvira then told Mr. Tremble that she had made all arrangements for her departure to Scotland when she received his last letter,

therefore she is sorry that she cannot enjoy his company, for she does not intend to go for one month from now.

"Ah," he says, "that is a great pity, for he came here unknown to her, thinking she might not be gone before his arrival. However, it does not matter, for he must content himself until the time Alvira departs."

She then tells Mr. Tremble not to delay for her, that she may change her mind yet, as she had done before—also saying that she was very sorry for Mrs. Tremble's sudden death, and no doubt that he would miss her greatly? Yes, he states to Alvira that it gave him a great shock at the time it happened, but that he has got over it all now and is himself again.

Alvira then asks Mr. Tremble if he is aware the late Duchess, his wife, disposed of her realty.

Then Mr. Tremble stated that she never informed him herself, but only found it out in the *Weekly Gazette*, that she had left her residence and contents to her son, whom she did not know was slain in the Soudan, Egypt, where he fought heroically in General Kitchener's army, but, unfortunately, in the end was slain, which deprives him of accepting his mother's legacy.

By this Mr. Tremble thought it was due to himself. Alvira informed Mr. Tremble that the report of her son's death was caused by the

ferocious Dervishes was a false report, for she read another report that stated that he survives, and shall soon return with his comrades to London, where the people are waiting their coming, and are arranging a most exceeding triumphant reception for them; also to the most brave fighters of the Queen, who shall honor them with the Victoria Cross, and very likely knight some of them.

Mr. Tremble told Alvira that this was news unexpected at this time, and should it happen to be true, he would be well pleased and satisfied.

Alvira then informed him that she received a letter from the late Duchess, his wife's lawyer, that she left to Alvira the money Alvira gave her when the Duchess and her son came to visit her at her chateau while Mr. Tremble was there, where we settled all our business.

Alvira then said to Mr. Tremble that he gave the Duchess the same amount as she did.

Then Mr. Tremble acknowledged that statement, and related that the Duchess, his late wife, was very unkind to him after all his obedient desire in serving her faithfully as a worthy husband whom she professed to respect, love and adore, and this was his recompense from her.

Alvira tells Mr. Tremble that he was infatuated with the Duchess, and forsook her, after promising her to dwell together during both their

lives, and he still to continue as her manager. Alvira said at that time she was done with him.

Mr. Tremble confessed that it was a disastrous mistake on his own account, which he long since regretted, and down at her feet on his knees he implores Alvira's humble pardon for the way he deceived her.

Then Alvira orders him to arise, remarking, what had transpired in the past cannot be changed, for Mr. Tremble has made his own choice and must abide by it, for she made a solemn vow in the name of her Almighty Father never again to entertain any affection for him, only friendship and respect for his past services to her, whom at one time she knew, and trusted her career to his charge. Then she told him that it was himself that was to blame and not her, for she was exceedingly willing to become his wife, had he enquired, which he never did ; this is what she spoke to him. He then arose unmanned, so that it was impossible for him to stand erect. He muttered to himself, then retired from Alvira's chateau, and from his once beloved and respected pupil, whom he succeeded in making a success of the celebrated Orea ; and after all he accomplished for her, she now casts him away as a discarded wreck whom she can no more trust. This is decidedly ingratitude for gratitude, and is the way matters

transpire in this uncertain world. He then said he would return to London; although now a broken-hearted man, she may hear of him again, later on, he thinks.

We now follow Alvira Dunbar from where she parted from Mr. Tremble. Her grief was indeed very sincere at what she related to him, she considering she could not do otherwise, for it was his own stupid fault that matters transpired as they did, and now as Mr. Tremble departed she is done with him, but she wishes him no ill-will during his remaining life.

Mr. Tremble went directly to the railway station to await his train for London, and was waiting there thinking seriously of his last interview with Alvira, when an attractive young lady approached him and enquired if his name was not Don Rosario, the instructor and manager of the celebrated Orea.

Mr. Tremble was astonished and surprised at her appearance and looked at her steadfastly, and beginning to recognize her face he remarked instantly, "Was she not Miss Bruce who accompanied Orea and him from Liverpool to Edinburgh, Scotland?" She answered him, "Yes sir," she was the same Miss Bruce; also informed him that she was on her way to Orea's estate, for she had made a promise to him when they arrived in Edinburgh that she would come and visit him at his estate in Davenport after one year had elapsed.

Orea informed her at that time if he was not married he would have her for his wife. Perhaps he, Don Rosario, can now inform her if Orea is single or married.

Then Mr. Tremble related to her all the mysteries surrounding the celebrated Orea; that he was not a man, but a woman disguised as a man, her former Christian name being Alvira Dunbar. He then said he had just parted with her, unfriendly, although he was her instructor and manager during her tour throughout all Europe, and disguised as a man, which was a secret between her and him, as he knew he would be a complete failure as a star, being a woman, and when they finished their tour and returned to her estate they made a settlement and resumed their former Christian names, he being Alfred Tremble and Orea, Alvira Dunbar. They shared the proceeds of their income during their season's engagements equally between the late Duchess, whom he married, himself, and Alvira. Then Alvira gave him her affection and expected that he would marry her, but instead he married the Duchess whom he loved sincerely, for she was Alvira's benefactor formerly, but unfortunately she was accidentally killed, that left him a widower, and he proposed to Alvira, but she would not accept him because he married the unfortunate Duchess, and ordered him out of her chateau. So Miss Bruce here he came to return to

his late wife's residence in London, where he welcomed Miss Bruce to accompany him there to London as she was herself disappointed in her expectation by not finding her former Orea.

Miss Bruce then consented to accompany Mr. Tremble to London. As the train arrived they went aboard and departed to London. On arriving there they went direct to his late lamented wife's residence where he found it all as he had left it, in perfect order. The household servants welcome him back again and he introduces Miss Bruce to his housekeeper as an old friend of his whom he chanced to meet a year ago. Miss Bruce will spend some time here in his company and asks his housekeeper to show her through his late wife's apartments, where she shall in the meantime make her abode. The housekeeper escorts Miss Bruce to the apartments which she did enjoy very much, and left her there until she summoned her to dinner when it was prepared for all.

When left to herself Miss Bruce disposed of her travelling attire and donned an evening gown, which made her appearance more interesting and handsome. She waited patiently for the summons to dinner, when Mr. Tremble entered her apartment to escort her to the dinner table, he was much astonished and surprised at her changed appearance, and remarked to her that she becomes it well. She informed

him that she was prepared to accompany him to dinner.

They proceeded to the dining room, where Mr. Tremble's invited friends were seated. He then introduced Miss Bruce to all his friends, who remarked to her, saying they were delighted at making her acquaintance. Then the waiter seated Miss Bruce and Mr. Tremble at the table, and helped them to the food placed upon it.

All eyes being cast upon her, she appeared so modest and exceeding lovely that she won all their admiration and respect at once.

Mr. Tremble knew she would conquer his friends as she did himself. He then was happy and believed his prospects were genuine, and at the first private opportunity he had he would propose to her, also relate to her his great affection, for he believed she would accept him as her husband, then he would be triumphant. He then invited Miss Bruce to accompany him for a drive in his late wife's carriage to view the many interesting sights of London which she never saw before. Miss Bruce accepted his kind invitation and was exceedingly pleased to join him, so Mr. Tremble gave instructions to the coachman to hitch the horses to his carriage and drive them around all the interesting places throughout London.

When leaving Miss Bruce was in her best spirits, as Mr. Tremble took her to view the

great attractions, and after they saw all that was worth seeing they returned to the late Duchess' residence and partook of their dinner, after which they prepared to visit the Grand Opera, where "Il Travatore" was being played. All this delighted Miss Bruce immensely. Then she began to think sincerely of Mr. Tremble's regard for her. She thought it was her duty to inform him that she had considerable affection for him, and inquired of him if he had the same affection for her, stating to him that she came to Davenport to marry "Orea," but was disappointed. Instead of her returning to Edinburgh she continued here with Mr. Tremble. He may then propose to her, and she would certainly accept him, for she believes he is in very comfortable circumstances, for he related to her that he would purchase the late Duchess' residence, that belongs to her son now, if he be not slain, but she believes he is still alive and may return some day unexpected, then Mr. Tremble will offer him the amount his mother paid for it. He says he will undoubtedly accomplish this, which will be to Miss Bruce a home, which she desired in the great metropole of London.

Now we return to where we left Alvira, who, with the assistance of her manager, settled up all her accounts, and began making preparations to visit London, to collect from the Bank of England the amount which the late Duchess left to

her. She shall also visit her parents who knew not of her returning to life, for they still believed she was drowned in the Rhine River, Germany, and when she appears before them they shall be quite astonished, and deny her as their lost daughter. After transacting this business she shall remain in London until the Soudan army returns, where it is reported they are shortly coming, then she shall find an opportunity to interview the Duchess' son, also inform and explain to him what transpired while he was fighting the ferocious Dervishes in Egypt. She shall tell him all about his deceased mother and the kindness she showed her by willing the money back to her which Alvira once gave her after she and Mr. Tremble dissolved partnership and resumed their Christian names. By this time Alvira arrived at her parents' dwelling, and pulled the door bell. The first one to appear was her mother, who inquired of her what she wanted. Alvira answered her, saying she wanted to see her father, mother, also sisters and brothers. Her mother then said that she must have made a mistake and came to the wrong house.

No, she was her mother, and Alvira is her daughter whom she thought was drowned in the Rhine River, Germany, but it was all a false report, for she was then in her mother's presence and asked her if she could not recognize her ?

The mother addressed her daughter by saying that if she spoke truthfully, she was now welcome to enter their home where her father may recognize her better than her mother did ; so they both entered the room, where the father, sisters and brothers were all assembled, sitting round the grate in the large comfortable sitting room.

As Alvira and her mother spoke, the father at once recognized his daughter directly and arose to embrace her, but the others could not recognize her until the father related it all to his family satisfactorily.

Then Alvira told her experience from the time of her departure up to her present appearance, which gave them all a great surprise.

Then Alvira's father told her how the late Duchess assisted them, by giving them the dwelling which they now occupy. They also heard that Orea's instructor married the Duchess and that she was killed by her racehorse, and the instructor was now residing in her residence.

Now Alvira related to them that he visited her just before she left Davenport and promised to marry her, but she refused him because he deceived her by marrying the Duchess, after promising to live with Alvira during the remainder of their lives. After his wife was killed he came again and asked Alvira, but she refused him again and sent him away in anger. She has not

heard of him since, only that she heard his late wife left him nothing, but the Duchess willed Alvira the amount she gave her when Alvira and her instructor dissolved partnership and resumed their former Christian names, and Alvira's instructor gave her the same amount she gave him.

Then Alvira thought it very strange that the Duchess, his wife had not left him something for she professed to have great affection for him and only married him because she thought he would have married Alvira, for she fully expected Alvira would marry her son, and he would then be the Duke of Davenport. Alvira respected him, also loved him very sincerely, and he did adore her and finally proposed to her most perseveringly, but she would not accept his offer and ordered him not to press his suit just at present, but at some future period when she comprehended things, which were still a mystery to her, she might then accept him for her husband. Well, this disappointed him very much. He then took her hand in his and gently pressed it, then kissed it and said Alvira: "He was now parting from her to join the British Army which was about departing from London to the Soudan in Egypt to fight for his Queen and country. If he be not slain by the Dervishes, then he will return to claim her for his wife, and inquired of her if she would accept him then?"

Alvira promised him that if her mystery was solved to her satisfaction she would decidedly become his loving wife. He answered her with a pleasant smile, remarking that she gave him great pleasure, which he would cherish during the time he was separated from her in Egypt, and it shall give him courage when he faces the ferocious Dervishes; and when they are conquered he shall return triumphant to London and win the most renowned and celebrated Orea, also make her his wife.

This brought Alvira to London. She told her father that she shall endeavor to have an interview with him when he arrives, for she believed he shall keep his promise which he made before departing for Egypt; then he shall resign from the army and marry her, and become the Duke of Davenport, and she will be his Duchess. All then shall go merrily, like the ringing of a marriage bell.

Alva retired for the night, after relating all to her parents, who seemed exceedingly well satisfied at her adventure, as it all transpired to her advantage, and they anticipated that she would be in a position to assist them still more than what she had done formerly.

After a sound sleep during the night Alvira awoke at daybreak, so anxious was she to greet her long-expected lover who was returning from the war. After preparing her toilet she then

sat down to her desk and wrote a card to Duke Montague, stating she heard that his regiment would arrive to-day, and beseeched him to grant her an interview. Now she shall hand this card to him, if she gets an opportunity, when he passes by with his regiment. She also states that she has an apartment engaged in the International Hotel, and writes upon the card the name of the hotel, also the number of the room, so that when Duke Montague is at liberty he shall proceed directly to the place. Now the time of their arrival was almost up. Alvira has just time to proceed to the station. She departed, and on arriving near the station she had to push her way through the swaying crowd, and proceeding on she accidentally ran up against her former instructor, who was greatly astonished at her appearance there. He inquired why it was that she was here in this surging crowd. Alvira answered him that she had come to London to receive from the Bank of England the amount his late wife, the Duchess, willed to her, and after she received the amount she was interested in witnessing the army, which had then arrived. After relating this to him the forward, pressing throng separated them both, and they did not meet again, Alvira being carried with the throng right to the line of march, and witnessed the army as they passed by. It was then her sharp eyes caught the one object of her

heart, and she passed her card to him, who had not noticed her, but placed the card in his coat pocket, still keeping in line on the march. Alvira at once made her way to the International Hotel, and went direct to the apartment she had selected, to remain there until his arrival. The minutes seemed hours as she waited for his coming. At length he arrived and went direct to the number written on the card, and gently touched the electric button, which brought Alvira immediately to the door, where they both embraced each other. He remarked Alvira had kept her promise with him, which he respected her for, and inquired of her if she was then prepared to marry him.

Alvira then replied instantly that she was willing as quickly as he desired.

He told Alvira that to-morrow, here in London, they would wed privately, then return to Davenport to her estate and chateau.

Alvira told him that she was resigned to his proposition, and informed him that his mother, the late Duchess, left him her residence, and to herself the money which she gave to his mother when the Duke and his mother came to visit her, when Alvira and her instructor dissolved their partnership and resumed their Christian names. So now his mother's husband, formerly her instructor, dwells in his residence, for he thought the Duke was slain in battle. However, Alvira

informed him it was a mistake, for she read a report that he was still living and expected to return home; so here Alvira arrived in London to meet him, and related this information to the Duke, which may be of much consequence to him in regard to his late mother's residence.

The Duke then called Alvira a little witch, for she was interesting herself in his absence, looking out for his interests here in London, for which he prized her more than ever. Then he states he will have to part from her for a day and a night, as he has to return to his regiment to inquire of his superior officer for a leave of absence, which will give him an opportunity to marry her, his dear Alvira, after which they shall retire to her estate in Davenport and spend their honeymoon. Then he shall return to the Army Headquarters and hand in his resignation.

He shall then have the pleasure of Alvira's company continually hereafter.

Alvira said to him that she was quite satisfied to remain there until he returned and would prepare during his absence her wedding trousseau so there would be no hindrance to him when he arrived, to conduct her to the residence of the Bishop's where they were to be united in wedlock. At this moment the young Duke embraced Alvira and departed to the Army Headquarters with his hopes and prospects all altered, musing on the happy tranquil days that were

before him. When proceeding on his way a strange man approached him and inquired if he was not the young Duke Montague?

"Yes," he replied, "that was his title and his name."

The Duke also recognized the stranger as Mr. Tremble his late mother's second husband.

Mr. Tremble then told him he was right, also that he had read in the newspapers of the Sudan Army returning to London, and he desired an interview with him on important matters, also that he searched for him at the arrival of the march from the station to the barracks, then lost sight of him, which disappointed him very much, but on returning home met him here.

Then Duke Montague told Mr. Tremble that he was exceedingly pleased to meet him and asked him to relate his business to him?

Mr. Tremble said, "Sir, it is this, that his departed mother willed her residence to him and left Mr. Tremble nothing for himself, now when she was killed, he continued to occupy her residence and paid her household servants, also outside help, so, as he is about to take to himself another wife, he will still require the residence and is willing to pay the same to the Duke, who was his late mother's heir.

Then Duke Montague told Mr. Tremble that he would not like to part with his late mother's residence for any amount of money, which he

could mention or offer, as he earnestly desired to keep it as an heirloom to her remembrance, who thought so much of him. Still he stated, as Mr. Tremble was a kind husband to his mother during her lifetime and since he departed from her to go to Egypt, but if she had willed Mr. Tremble her residence then he would not have objected to her desire in rewarding Mr. Tremble. Therefore he now condescends to grant Mr. Tremble full possession of her residence, as long as his life lasts; this is the recompense he gave Mr. Tremble for marrying his late mother, who must have forgotten him entirely.

But he forgives her, as she was instantly killed and had no chance to alter her will, which had been executed before she became his wife.

By Mr. Tremble marrying her the Duke has succeeded in winning his late pupil the famous and celebrated "Orea," who is now Alvira Dunbar.

She having interviewed him just one hour ago, and promised him when he departed for the war in Egypt that she would remain sincere to him until he returned home again.

She was here now in London awaiting his return in a private apartment in the International Hotel, where he departed from her to go and get his commission in the army, whence he was going as he met him here.

Well, Mr. Tremble stated, since Duke Monta-

gue informed him of what transpired during his arrival in London, also the exceeding hospitable and pleasant manner in which he had treated him, which he did not expect, so he shall now relate to him his experience. After his dear wife was accidentally killed, saying he wrote to his late pupil, Alvira, relating to her the severe loss he received when his dear wife was killed. He then waited patiently to hear from her, but no letter came from her to him, which surprised him very much. It was then he made up his mind to go and visit Alvira in Davenport where he had met her and enjoyed her company for some time. He informed her that the Duke Montague was slain in battle. Then he asked Alvira if she would become his wife, but she answered him distinctly that she would not, as she had read the report that the young Duke Montague was still alive and was returning to London with his regiment, who were the conquerors of the ferocious Dervishes. Also she promised to become his wife when he returned to London so she ordered him away from her chateau, so he left her and proceeded to the station, where he accidentally met another young lady whom "Orea" made acquaintance of, when they departed from Liverpool to Edinburgh on board the North British Railway passenger train.

Now, when the train arrived at Edinburgh

this young lady, by the name of Miss Bruce, who was the daughter of a wealthy Scotchman, fell in love with "Orea," and he likewise accepted her devotions, and when they departed from each other she inquired of "Orea" about when he would become her husband. Then "Orea" promised her if he would be single in one year from then he would undoubtedly marry her, should she visit him at his estate in Davenport.

Miss Bruce then remarked she would keep him to his promise. By this time Miss Bruce arrived at Davenport Station, and, noticing him, remarked, "Are you not named Don Rosario?"

Don Rosario replied he believed he recognized her as Miss Bruce.

Miss Bruce answered him, yes, that was her name.

Then Don Rosario stated to her that, at the time he made her acquaintance before his name was Don Rosario, but that name was only an assumed one, for his Christian name is Alfred Tremble, and "Orea" was his pupil, then disguised as a young gentleman, her proper name being Alvira Dunbar, a young lady gifted in technical pianoforte music. Then he advised her she would be a complete failure if she were to appear as a female. Then Miss Alvira Dunbar agreed to appear in male attire, and she certainly proved a great success. When Mr. Trem-

ble explained all this to Miss Bruce, she remarked that she came all the way to marry a woman whom she loved, disguised as a man, and when she returns to Edinburgh and relates this story to her parents they shall be very angry with her. However, she decided not to return back to Edinburgh again.

Then Mr. Tremble informed her that he had great compassion for her, and would welcome her to come with him to London, where he resided in his late wife's residence.

This surprised Miss Bruce, because she knew at the time, then, that he made her acquaintance, he was a single gentleman and instructor to "Orea." Therefore she decided, and accompanied Mr. Tremble to London, and enjoyed his companionship exceedingly.

He escorted her all over London, which pleased her immensely, and she was quite satisfied to remain with him.

So Mr. Tremble began to think, as he had abundant means of his own, that he would now like an interview with the young Duke Montague, who is returning from the war, to know if he will be willing to sell his mother's residence to him, and knowing that he treated him liberally by granting him the residence he occupied, which his late wife owned, and willed before her death to her only son.

Now he refuses to accept it, and makes it a

gift to Mr. Tremble, on the conditions that he was to take Miss Bruce to be his wedded wife, which he consented to, and intended to accomplish.

So Duke Montague informed Mr. Tremble that he had communicated with his late mother's barrister, Mr. Bothwell, and instructed him to transfer his late mother's will to Mr. Alfred Tremble, the same being a perfect clear and legal title, free from all encumbrance.

This Barrister Bothwell did transact for his much respected friend Duke Montague.

Now, Mr. Tremble and Duke Montague both parted; the Duke proceeded to the International Hotel, where he parted with Alvira Dunbar.

When he arrived at her room he found her arrayed in a handsome costume, and prepared to accompany him to the altar. During Duke Montague's absence his own wedding suit which he ordered before he met Mr. Tremble, had arrived, so he went and disposed of the garments he had on, and donned himself in his wedding suit. Then, when Miss Alvira Dunbar herself appeared, they were most interestingly arrayed, and looked the picture of happiness, as they proceeded to the Bishop's residence, whence they arrived at the appointed hour. The bridesmaid and bridegroom, in the presence of Miss Bruce and Mr. A. Tremble, were there awaiting, and afterwards they were married by the same Bishop.

After the Bishop performed both ceremonies and made each one of them man and wife, they handed him a valuable token in respect for his services, for which he spoke kind words to them. Then they departed, and arrived at the International Hotel, where a supper was prepared by the genial host and a party now of the real Duke of Davenport, composing all his many friends and war comrades, also Mr. Tremble and his friends. Everybody congratulated the newly-married couples during the feast, joy and pleasure prevailed until the early morning dawned, when they all had to depart with their friends.

Duke Montague and his wife left for her estate in Davenport. Mr. Tremble, with his wife, departed to her residence in Belgrave Square in London. Before they separated each one promised to visit the other in their respective homes on frequent occasions, but the young Duke had not long established himself in his wife's residence when Queen Victoria summoned him to Windsor Castle to decorate him with the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in action during the siege of Omdurman, in Egypt.

So he obeyed the Queen's summons and made preparations to accomplish her desire, then instantly proceeded to London where he arrived in due season, and was surprised at seeing some of his comrades likewise awaiting to receive their honors.

Then the orderly approached them and escorted them, one by one, before the presence of Her Majesty, where she was surrounded by her Ministers and Generals, who assisted Her Majesty in contributing the honors to the worthy heroes. As she mentioned each of their names, one by one came forward and knelt down on his knees and kissed her hand. Then the Queen ordered them to arise when she pinned the Victoria Cross upon their breasts, remarking, "That which they received was the honor she bestowed upon them for their heroism."

They then thanked Her Majesty and retired with the approbation and applause of Her Majesty's Ministers and Generals.

After this ceremony was finished, the young Duke Montague returned home to his affectionate young wife, who was not well pleased at parting with him so quickly after their marriage. Yet, as he returned with the Victoria Cross on the lapel of his dress coat she seemed pleased and forgot all her loneliness when he was absent from her.

Now they are passing their years in happiness and a young heir is born to them who shall inherit the Dukedom of Davenport.

We now return to Mr. A. Tremble and his wife, and find they are settled down comfortably in their substantial residence, and enjoying all the pleasures that they can well afford. They

also have an heir to enjoy and bring up to sterling manhood.

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Now I draw this story to a finish, trusting my patrons will derive some pleasure and pastime in reading it as I spent while composing it. This is my desire,—the author,

J. DUFF HENDERSON.

THE PRAIRIE MAIDEN.

Adieu ! my city friends that live around,
Away for the western prairie I am bound ;
I'm weary here of all I see,
I long for the prairie breezes free.
The cool, fresh, reviving western prairie breezes
Will cure my mind and heart's diseases,
And bring me back to vigorous strength
Before my days have reached their length.
My heart yearns for the western fields,
The balmy plains, the soil that yields
Abundant crops, the beautiful prairie rose,
And all the richest flowers that grows.
I see much of filth right here,
Let me bask where air is clear,
Where I can wander free and far,
Beneath the sun, moon and star,
Musing at times along some ancient road,
Where bygone Indian warriors have trod,
Or where some Indian maiden has wept
By a mound where long have slept
A brave beloved, and long ago departed.
On these paths I'll tread light-hearted,
For a master is there to teach
What mortal man can't expect to reach,
Such secret eloquence is there to thrill
The mind and soul for to fill.
O ! speed swiftly, weary weeks of time,
To bring me to my manhood's prime,

When I can wander far and explore
Like that once great Florentine of yore ;
Where I can drink of nature's fountain
While travelling through the vale or mountain,
Or lingering near by some balmy grove
Where great wild herds of buffalo rove,
Or by the prairie lake to go,
Where the beautiful fresh waterlilies grow,
Where the wild sparkling prairie roses thrive,
Where I there sweetest fragrance will derive.
And where the pretty prairie daisy clusters,
Where the weeping buttercups, their sisters ;
Or by some distant mountain's running springs,
I'll ease awhile my restless wings,
And drink of sweet nature all I can,
For that, indeed, is life to man.
Among the fresh, bushy-waving prairie grass
The bright balmy summer days I'll pass
Until the shades of night come on,
There in some peaceful shade sleeping alone,
Where naught can or would disturb my peace
Except those cute mosquitoes come to tease,
When the firefly lights the way
To show the wretched things their prey,
Then I may have reason to growl,
When I hear them come to prowl ;
Or when the hawk awakes my slumber
By coming round to take my number,
That she may her nightly visit pay
To a lonely stranger by the way ;
Or the grizzly growling wolf and bear
At night may venture from their lair

To take quick inventory of my stock
Behind a rising bluff or craggy rock.
Or the slyly, fussy, crafty fox
May venture much nearer to my box,
And take from me my morning meal,
The want of which I'd likely feel ;
Or those treacherous, coiling, smooth-charming snakes
May awaken me with their rattling breaks
To coax me to their lonely region,
Where they are lords of their dominion.
Then are these pests to be compared
With what I've seen and often heard
In our towns and in our cities,
What we often hear and often pities—
Men and women more poisonous than mosquitoes ;
With cruel, deathly venom they beset us,
Far more dreaded than the night hawk
For their disgusting, vile and filthy talk.
The ferocious wolves and bears are tame
Compared to men I've known by name,
Who prowl around with their dirk and knife
To rob the merchant and his wife.
The fox is not half so sly
As the men who steal and lie,
Nor the coiling, charming snakes so bad
As the bewitching brothel-keeping jade,
Whose arts and charms decoy the youth
To wreck their manhood in their booth.
For three long months I've wandered airy
By river, lake or distant prairie,
Where naught of humanity I have met,
Plenty of fish, fowl, beast I've ate

Until I've grown in strength a Samson ;
Cheeks that once were skin and bone
Have now grown fat to look upon.
The autumn now will be coming fast,
Prepare for home I must at last.
I see the dark clouds floating high,
Reminding me of a storm that's nigh
I must look out a shelter place,
For prairie storms are hard to face.
Yonder ! I see a birch-bark tent,
A shelter to me God has sent.
Look ! an old Indian comes from there,
I will ask his tent to share.
"Good Indian, can you a shelter give
To one who on the prairies live
Like a poor lonely recluse here,
Without a home or shelter near ?"
My speech he did not understand,
But with a motion of his hand
He showed me to a shattered tent
Beneath an oak tree that was bent
And giving me a dull burning light,
He turned away and said "Good night !"
Straight off to his tent I went
In search of quiet rest, as sent,
When, behold ! a maiden on the ground,
Around her form a skirt was wound.
I stood greatly astonished, bewildered and amazed
As on the sleeping maiden I gazed
Quietly down on my knees I crept
Over to the side the maiden slept,
There with my pencil for to trace
A well-shaped form and perfect face—

A form and face of beauty fair,
A head covered o'er with golden hair
That hung in length below her waist
And lay in plaits upon her breast—
A breast that surged and heaved majestically
Like foaming billows out on the sea,
When my eyes her waist did scan,
So neat a fairy hand could span,
With hips extending wide and grand,
Down to her thighs they did expand—
Thighs so plump and rare to see,
Just tapering downward gently to her knee ;
Her calf so well proportioned out,
Not too small nor yet too stout ;
With ankles so neat, trim and small,
And feet she scarcely had at all.
And when the midnight hour was spent,
Knowing not how to leave the tent,
I took the robe by her worn
And spread it o'er her uncovered form ;
Then left her there in sweet repose,
Forgetting not the dreary tent to close.
Weary and tired I looked all around
For a smooth spot on the ground
To rest until the dawn of day
Light up the scene where maiden lay ;
Ere the sun rose in the east
This young maiden stood before me dressed,
Gazing down upon me as I lay
On the dewy grass at the break of day,
And as a tiger oft has ran
Upon its prey, upon me thus began :

"Pale-faced stranger, whence came you here?"
She spoke with anger loud and clear ;
"What Eastern city hast thou came from,
These wild Western prairies to roam,
And why lie down beside my tent ?
Speak, stranger, speak quick, or else repent."
No sooner did she thus angrily command,
Holding a glittering dagger in her hand.
No savage tigress had more devouring eyes
When near a lamb half her size,
As she, when o'er my trembling form,
Stood ready at the fort to storm.
"Listen ! maiden, listen unto me, hark !"
Losing my way, the night was dark,
When I heard the prairie dogs cry
Where yonder old, shattered wigwam lie
From where came an old man bent.
I begged for lodging in his tent,
Here he sent me for the night
Giving me this dull, burning lantern light ;
And when I threw these folds aside
A lovely sleeping maiden there I spied,
And quickly then the tent I closed,
Down here upon the dewy grass reposed,
Until you sweet maid do now appear ;
Bent o'er me with a dagger clear.
O maid, throw down that dagger raised,
True, on thy matchless form I gazed,
For naught my eyesight then could screen
As I, by chance, had stepped therein ;
"Why, fair maid, dost thou stay near
The wild Indian, in his wigwam here ?

For I can see by thy face
Thou comest not of the Indian race."
By this, the angry maiden's silence broke ;
"Come to my tent," she calmly spoke,
"Sit down while I a tale unfold,
I trust you will not think me bold "
When quietly seated in her shattered tent,
Her face to mine being forward bent.
Quickly then she mustered all her strength
To tell this pitiful tale in length.
"I am a poor orphan American born,
From my countrymen I was torn,
That day when gallant General Custer stood
To fight a foe hidden in the wood,
In the grass like snakes they lay,
Waiting until our brave troops came by ;
It was then that cunning Sitting Bull
Did Custer and his brave scouts fool.
Alas ! sad day that was for me
When wild Indian men won the victory,
For in that battle I was tossed,
My parents and my friends I lost.
Methinks I see the battle plan
Which General Custer drew then clear
When scouts returned at early dawn
To tell the foe was near.
Quiet as death, a stillness calm
Prevailed, then for a little while
Loud the bugle call to arm
Into the death dark valley file.
First to reach the valley low
With scouts was gallant General Custer,

His troops following in a row,
And quickly all did muster.
They thought the foe were few
The day the fearful fight began
Upon our scattered troops they ran—
Each man a rifle quickly drew,
A dead sure aim to take ;
O'er the grass the bullets flew
Our foremost ranks stagger and break,
Still, a scattered few stand squared
Where their dead comrades were lying,
Although outnumbered, on they dared
O'er the suffering, wounded, fast dying.
Now hark ! the Indian war cries
Resound far o'er the distant plain
As from the grass they rise
Like swarms of mosquitoes after rain.
The first and last to fight
Was our gallant commander, General Custer,
His troops dying in his sight,
The wounded all around him cluster.
Alas ! the fatal shot was fired,
It pierced our brave General's heart :
On the battle field he died,
True, gallant hero of his part.
'Twas then the fearful work began—
The scalping knife is quickly wrought,
And ere the setting of the sun
The paleface scalps are brought
To show their squaws and papoose,
The one glory of their life
A paleface scalp hanging loose

Beside their keen-cutting, scalping knife.
When that bloody massacre was o'er,
No more white men to kill,
They captured me and the store ;
In camp, away behind the hill,
Burnt my parents at the stake
Spared me for my maiden's sake.
A chief, in war costume arrayed,
Said, ' Come, pale lily, be not afraid ;
You are now the great chief's squaw,
A braver warrior the lily ne'er saw ; '
I asked him to take my life
Sooner than become the great chief's wife.
All my pleading was in vain
He brought me far across the plain
And swore he loved me and would try
To please me in the by-and-by.
Then, pointing to the high distant hills
O'er which dark clouds hung in rills,
Said, ' There my own village wigwam stands
Where all my best braves together band,
Hither I'll take you, pale lily fair,
To be my squaw and future heir.'
On his dark face a scornful look
My childish heart then scarce could brook,
His wide drawn nose, that downward curled,
Bespoke death and defiance to the world ;
His lips drawn tight, his form erect
As he stood silent long to reflect ;
I cried aloud, no help was near
My throbbing, wounded, broken heart to cheer.
For three long months we crossed plains
Unsheltered from the storms, wind and rains ;

Crossed rivers deep, wide, and treacherous swamps
Till my poor body ached with cramps.
Never out of the great chief's sight
Could I be trusted day or night,
Until by chance my watchers were asleep.
I onward sped, with bound and leap,
Until a strange man came to view,
With whom I at once did sue
To take me with him right away,
Even at that late hour of day.
Although my speech he did not know,
He pointed to this tent, said 'Go.'
Here I came to rest and watch,
Till sleep did my wearied eyelids catch."
"O! maiden dear, your story just told,
Has made my very blood run cold,
And if you will my aid accept,
This strong muscular arm will thou protect,
Until we cross yon distant mountain peak,
And far, far beyond a shelter seek
In an old miners' camp I know,
Nestling in a rocky gorge far below,
Where welcome they will give to you,
Who have braved many thousand dangers through.
Both food and rest you'll there obtain,
Before you cross the long dreary plain.
At once we must depart from here,
Before thy Indian capturers will draw near."
The maiden then calmly stood and listened,
While sad tears about her eyelids glistened;
When all her kind tender feelings raised,
With gentle thankfulness at once she praised

The generous, manly offer which he made,
To guide a lost and friendless maid.
He gently took her by the hand,
Said all his aid she could command,
And when at last they did depart
To love, each found a willing heart.
Onward they went, while yet 'twas day,
O'er many a rough and crooked way,
He guiding her with child-like care,
Where brave warrior chieftains would not dare.
Long before the mountain top they crossed,
The light of day was almost lost ;
Cold and darkness now upon them reigned,
Before the distant miners' camp they gained.
It was upon the dreary mountain height,
They passed the long, cold, dreary night,
Sheltered high up on the mountain bluff,
They made a bed of mossy stuff.
But sleep they both could not there,
So silent lay the lonely, loving pair,
And when the morning dawn did break,
The maiden still lay quite wide awake,
Though soundly slept her faithful guide,
As she rose quietly from his side,
And going quickly to a running brook,
Where her accustomed morning bath she took,
And had the morning meal quickly prepared,
Before her faithful guide yet had stirred.
Then gently placing upon his soft cheek,
Fresh lilies from the swift-running creek ;
Then ran quickly to hide herself away,
Until the fresh spring water's cooling spray,

Had trickled away down his heaving breast,
Awoke him from his sleep and rest.
Then quickly rising from his mossy bed,
He thought his lovely maid had fled ;
And eagerly far round about he scanned,
Naught a maid was near at hand.
Towards the running creek he did advance,
And eyed the morning meal by chance,
The cool water lilies where he lay,
The roaring, blazing fire that burnt away,
The boiling kettle, and the greasy pan,
That broiled the bacon when she ran.
All these were signs which plainly told,
She was not stole by Indians bold.
The morning sun shone bright and gay,
As all alone he sang this lay :
“ O ! where has my maiden flown,
Away in the darkness did she go,
And will I never, never know,
Why she went away unknown ?
They stole her from my side
And left instead, a water lily,
To charm and please her Willie
When his eyes would open wide
Hark ! a voice, I know 'tis hers,
Coming through the softening vale below.
To leave my guide, I'll not go,
I have only hid among the firs.
O ! come my prairie maid away,
Time we were gone from here ;
Down the vale a welcome cheer
The hardy miners us will pay.”

The miners' camp at length was reached,
They looked at each of us bewitched,
Inquiring from what distant part we came,
Inviting us kindly with them to remain.
We told them of our wandering far,
By daylight, and by midnight star ;
And where the maiden I had met.
Her sad story I did relate.
At hearing of, one listening miner cried,
" My daughter, whom I thought had died,
You found, my gallant, brave young son,
A bride so fair, so rich, you have won ;
To her to-night thou shalt be wed,
I will provide you with home and bed."
The maiden spoke : " Father, thou art kind,
A braver son you could not find ;
Delighted I am to find you here,
My life, my love, your life will cheer."
Her father spoke gently, grasping her soft hand,
" I thought you, too, had left this land ;
On that day of Custer's cruel massacre,
My God has spared thy life to me.
For which I thank my God most true,
For the way he brought me through ;
Since that day I broke my captive trace,
I travelled far and reached this place.
In yonder rock I found pure gold,
Enough for all my days tenfold ;
And you shall be a bride to-night,
For him who did your battles fight."
A happy loving pair were married there,
The feast the miners all did share ;

And many startling stories told and heard,
When first the mining shaft they cleared,
Searching for what they now have found,
Till hours and days made many weeks.
Then, O then, the miner master speaks,
And miners to their work quick go,
And drills are heard and hammers blow,
For they toil with ease and pleasure
All day digging for the precious treasure.
In yonder fair city in palace strong,
The happy prairie lovers now dwelt long,
Their family grown up wise and well,
Do listen to the tales they tell
Of bygone days, and struggles sore,
That oft their father and mother bore.
The miner master, too, has gone to rest,
Son and daughter weeping on his breast,
Parting forever with him here below,
To meet again in Heaven they know.

MILLIONS FOR HER.

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR R. ALLFISTON, a Private Banker.

ARDRETTIA ALLFISTON, a son of Sir Allfiston.

FRANK RIDLEY, Sir Allfiston's Manager.

LORD MORDANT, }
HON. BOSWELL, } Two Desperadoes.

JOHN DONETIA, a Porter.

MR. ARCHER, a Valet.

HERITA CALVIN, a Detective.

LADY ALLFISTON, Sir Allfiston's wife.

MISS MARVETTIA ALLFISTON, a daughter of Sir Allfiston.

LADY GORDON, a Visitor.

DEBORIA, Marvettia's Maid.

EVELEEN, Lady Allfiston's Maid.

Officers, Waiters, Attendants, etc.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.—A sitting-room. SCENE 2.—
A meeting-place on a public road. SCENE 3.—A
drawing-room in mansion of Sir Allfiston.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.—A baggage-room. SCENE 2.—
A sitting-room in the Marseilles Hotel. SCENE
3.—A banqueting hall. SCENE 4.—A waiting-room.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.—A private sitting-room in hotel. SCENE 2.—A private sitting-room in hotel. SCENE 3.—Sir Allfiston's sitting-room in mansion. SCENE 4.—A sitting-room in Marseilles Hotel.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.—A drawing-room in Marseilles Hotel. SCENE 2.—The arena of battle. SCENE 3.—A drawing-room in Marseilles Hotel. SCENE 4.—A private dining-room in Marseilles Hotel. SCENE 5.—A ball-room.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Sitting Room. Enter SIR R. ALLFISTON and MR. FRANK RIDLEY.*

SIR ALLFISTON. Mr. Ridley, I'm exceedingly pleased to find you here where we promised to meet to arrange some important business matters relating to my late secretary, Sir Mordant. Can you inform me the amount his executors withdrew from our bank after his decease?

RIDLEY. Sir Allfiston, yes. They withdrew forty thousand pounds, and his estate was valued at one hundred thousand, making his realty one hundred and forty thousand.

SIR ALLFISTON. He has left no heir to claim this fortune, for his only son who departed in his youth as a cadet on board a British man-of-war never more was heard of.

RIDLEY. Still his father's executors have placed the one hundred and forty thousand pounds in the care of a responsible trust corporation, expecting he will yet turn up.

SIR ALLFISTON. Should he not turn up this large amount would go to the government.

RIDLEY. Decidedly so.

SIR ALLFISTON. How unfortunate for his son, he being his father's idol, and he expected great things of him.

RIDLEY. Sir Allfiston, you forget your own son also went in his youth on board a British man-of-war and was wrecked and reported drowned in mid-ocean. Have you received proof to that effect?

SIR ALLFISTON. All the proof I have is what was chronicled in the English press at the time of the disaster to the British man-of-war at Gibraltar.

RIDLEY. Sir Allfiston, that is no proof whatever of his being drowned. He may have been saved; stranger things have transpired to my knowledge.

SIR ALLFISTON. Well, should he return to us again, we would welcome him as the prodigal was welcomed to his father's home. Like him I would kill the fatted calf and prepare him a feast that he would never depart from his parents again.

RIDLEY. Sir Allfiston, you may have an opportunity to accomplish what you proposed in some future time; such has happened before in our time, and will happen again. Come, we now must proceed to other business. Here, I hand you a statement of our income and liabilities, and the interest due to the shareholders at the end of this year. The statement is correctly stated there. You can examine them at your earliest opportunity. Should you find any errors or deficiencies in the account, return it immediately to me and I will look it over once more.

SIR ALLFISTON. Mr. Ridley, I will examine your report more carefully, having no doubt you'll succeed in finishing it correctly as you always have done hitherto.

RIDLEY. I had almost forgotten to inform you that an attempt was made to rob our vault. We found the combination opened, so the burglars must have been disturbed before they succeeded in searching the vault, where they could have made away with a large amount of money. It was fortunate for us they were disturbed. I communicated with the chief of the detective department in Scotland Yard. They are searching for the scoundrels. I exceedingly hope they will be arrested before they get another opportunity to fulfil their purpose.

SIR ALLFISTON. I trust that nothing will transpire to give them a second opportunity to commit a burglary—if they will, it may not be pleasant for them should they be caught in the act.

RIDLEY. I alone understand the combination of the lock. It were impossible for any of the bank employees to have accomplished the opening of it. I have warned the nightwatchman to be more attentive in guarding the bank from future marauders and robbers, so Sir Allfiston I surmise there will be no further danger of annoyance from that source.

SIR ALLFISTON. I trust it will be so. (*Looking at his watch.*) It is time for you to retire now, as I have an appointment to meet Lady Allfiston and my daughter here.

RIDLEY. Then I, Sir Allfiston, return to the bank to resume my duty, bidding you adieu for the present.

Exit RIDLEY.

Enter LADY ALLFISTON *and* DAUGHTER. SIR ALLFISTON *desires them to be seated.*

SIR ALLFISTON. You are punctual to our appointment. My manager has just departed. We both have been transacting important business. I have only to read over his statement to our Board of Directors, which I have no doubt they will approve—then we all will write our signatures to it. I then will have liberty to enjoy a period of rest on the Continent. I may reside in Paris for a time; you both will join me. You may now make preparations. I will inform you again the time of our departure.

LADY ALLFISTON. Sir Allfiston, I am exceedingly delighted at your wisdom at taking a much-needed rest, after many years of constant confinement, directing the affairs of your large financial institution.

MARVETTIA. Father, I thank you also for including my mother and I with you on this pleasant tour to the Continent, also to reside for a time in Paris. It will be to me one of the greatest events in my life to review that renowned city, Paris.

SIR ALLFISTON. Yes, Marvietta, to you it will be a great event, but for your mother and myself, we were privileged in beholding the magnificence and grandeur of that great city, and also other parts of France.

(A Valet enters with note for SIR ALLFISTON, which informs him that his carriage is already at the front door). He then remarks: Our carriage has arrived, we will proceed to our home. They retire. *Exit.*

END OF SCENE I.—ACT I.

SCENE II. — *A meeting place on a public road. Enter*

BOSWELL and MORDANT. (*BOSWELL watching*

MORDANT opening vault).

BOSWELL.

What am I ? A complete ruined man.
All the wealth of my ancestors squandered,
Not a shilling left, in debt thousands.
An outcast from my former friends
Forever, ever despised by all my relations.
How is a man to regain character,
His fortune, and win back friends again ?
Shall I now end my own existence —
This be the be all, end-all here
Of a wretched broken-down wild career.
O ! death thou art preferable to me.
The act is finished, the curtain dropped.
No one shall remember a poor wretch.
In the grave who shall pity me,
Who shall slander me, many cut-throats.
Death come. I care not what happens,
In the clay put my body away,
The last act of a wretched life.
Paying the price for my past record
This little drug shall soon settle everything
I shall be square with the world.
(*He raises cup to his mouth—MORDANT enters*).

MORDANT

O ! hold, stranger. I have been listening
To you reciting your last sad soliloquy.
You seem to be severely distressed, sir.
There's a way to rectify your record.

Be a man, don't end your own life.
Life is short at any rate, stranger,
Without cutting it shorter by your hand.
My advice is live, and die naturally.

BOSWELL.

Not aware that you were playing spy
Or I would not have acted so.
Now since you cut the scene short
What act would you have me do
If having to live on here longer?

MORDANT.

If I knew your past record, stranger,
If as bad as my own was,
Then it must be very bad indeed.
Believing my record more black than yours
We are both dyed the same color.
Stranger, the past now we must forget ;
Look to the future and be wise ;
We're only in the prime of life,
Should make a mark in the world.
What think you of this proposition, stranger?

BOSWELL.

Thinking of nothing. Death to me preferable

MORDANT.

Bah ! forget the past for the future.

BOSWELL.

Show me how to forget the past?

MORDANT.

Will you be a partner of mine
In a project under consideration by me?

BOSWELL.

Shall do anything to banish my misery
That holds me like a vice grip.
What's your project? My answer you'll have.

MORDANT.

Don't you want wealth? your life redeemed,
Win back all you lost, be esteemed;
Admired by all your former old friends.

BOSWELL.

Well, are you speaking now the truth?

MORDANT.

Yes, having something good for you
If you will become my partner
And swear you'll keep a secret ever.

BOSWELL.

I give you my word of honor;
Take it, if you think it good.

MORDANT.

Listen! If you have ears to hear
I'll tell you something good to cheer.
You know Sir Allfiston of the Grange,
The millionaire, where his millions are stored,
At the present time one hundred thousand,
It shall be ours within five hours.

BOSWELL.

My boy, how can you get it?

MORDANT.

Be not excited. Look! this little key, (*shows key*)
Which shall give us admittance to the vault;
My father, whom you knew not, died,
He being Sir Allfiston's Private Secretary,

At my father's death, stealing this key,
Which shall give us one hundred thousand—
Fifty for you, fifty for me, stranger.

BOSWELL.

Is there any danger of being detected ;
If caught, Penitentiary for life for both ?

MORDANT.

It can be done without any risk ;
There shall not be any great danger ;
With your help I shall defy detection ;
You be spy, I'll do the work.

BOSWELL.

How shall we proceed, tell me now,
In this goodly work, you and I ?

MORDANT.

Five hours from now, meet me,
This night, down at the Maple Hollow.
Let your signal to me be black,
My answer to you shall be white.
I'll place you over on the lookout
Where most danger of detection shall occur,
Then finishing my work shall receive you.
We shall then retire to arrange matters
And share the treasure with each other,
Me always being known as Lord Mordant,
You shall be called my Private Secretary,
We shall then travel on the Continent
As English Pointers, to see what game
We shall run down in our travels.
Now, my Secretary, what do think ;
Is this not a real modern romance ?

BOSWELL.

Luck to your enterprise ; win or fail,
I shall with you ride or sail,
And in a fairer land shall dwell.

MORDANT.

Time has come, the place you know,
Adieu, we'll meet in grief or pain,
Yes, in sunshine, storm or in rain.

Exit both.

Enter BOSWELL and MORDANT.

BOSWELL.

The place is as quiet as a graveyard,
No sound or sight of a living being ;
'Tis the time we appointed to meet.
I shall give him the signal. (*black*)

MORDANT *ent. rs.*

MORDANT.

Answers white ; we have met at last.
You see that hill on the Turnpike :
Go, conceal yourself, look to the front.
If any living being come that way
Go to the gate of the vault,
Shout " Traveller." I will come to you ;
If no one comes in an hour's time
We will meet where we now part.

MORDANT *retires.*

BOSWELL.

I obey. Good luck be with us then
In this most daring, risky, bold transaction.
Now filling my contract down at the hill,
Give the signal to my trusty comrade.

When the last hour has gone past
Meet in the place where we parted,
At the Grange, to receive fifty thousand.

BOSWELL *retires.*

BOSWELL *returns again.*

It is now the time to meet.
He will no doubt me gladly greet
When he has found me punctually here.

Enter MORDANT.

MORDANT.

Having now come, is the coast clear?

BOSWELL.

Yes, Sir Mordant, no one came near.

MORDANT.

Just when leaving the vault I saw
A human figure in the moonlight yonder,
With a kodak, and operating on me.
He went away in the opposite direction
From me, when coming to meet you.
There is no danger to be afraid of.
He won't follow, not knowing our business.
Now, stranger, we will divide this money,
And, both separating, meeting again in Paris.

Exit both.

Enter MORDANT and BOSWELL.

MORDANT. Take my advice, invest in some profitable business that will return substantial interest. This is what I intend transacting myself. Don't you understand, we will double this amount in a very short period.

2.5
2.2
2.0

10

BOSWELL. That's all very well, Mordant ; but it would not be safe to invest stolen money in this neighborhood. The authorities of the bank will have found out their loss by this time, may have the hounds of the law on our train and I would advise you not to invest it here but depart to another country, say Paris, France, where we will not be recognized -- also be at liberty to invest our stolen money to advantage.

MORDANT. I was not aware you had such intelligence and good judgment as I now comprehend you have. I will abide by your advice, for I believe it is worth accepting. Then let us depart together instantly to Paris, where I often desired to visit. This will undoubtedly put the detectives off the trial, and their efforts will be unsuccessful in capturing us.

BOSWELL. Now let us make preparations directly to depart for Paris; we will not be safe remaining here any longer.

MORDANT. Well, how quickly can you make necessary preparations ? I can prepare in about three hours' time.

BOSWELL. Where will I join you at the end of three hours ?

MORDANT. On board the steamboat *Rover* that departs from Dover at that time for Calais, France.

BOSWELL. We part now to meet again on board the *Rover*, where we will bid farewell to England. Arriving at Paris we will reside at the Marseilles Hotel, where we will invest our money by speculating in stocks. It is the most practical way to increase

our finances, and the most attractive city to enjoy pleasure when we have opportunity to pursue that pleasure.

MORDANT. The multitudinous attractions in Paris cannot be found in any other metropole of Europe. We will enjoy ourselves exceedingly when we have leisure to view the magnificent, artistic city of Paris. Now we go and make preparations, meeting each other on the *Rover*.

Exit.

END OF SCENE II.

SCENE III.—*A drawing-room in the mansion, Sir ALLFISTON with his family there, viz., LADY ALLFISTON and MARVETTIA.*

SIR ALLFISTON.

I have received a note from my manager
With very bad news, especially at this time
When we are preparing for the Continent.
Having received a call from my manager,
He informs me that my vault was unlocked
And robbed of one hundred thousand pounds.
They have no knowledge of the robbers,
The Police Department have been informed also ;
A detective tells me they have a clue
To the discovery of the bold robbers.
This important affair shall detain us here.
However, dear Illeen, you continue your preparations.

LADY ALLFISTON.

Sir Allfiston, shall it be a great loss ;
Shall it affect your financial standing any,
Or cause a run on the Allfiston Bank ?

SIR ALLFISTON.

The firm of Allfiston Bros. & Company,
Would stand twenty such shocks as that
Without the firm feeling the least affected
Besides, the thieves may be run down.
However, Illeen, we shall have our trip;
Get your lady's maid and my valet
To prepare our warbrobe. See to it,
Also that Marvettia takes her best dresses.
All must be ready as quickly as possible.
Marvettia and your maid shall accompany us,
Also my valet and John the porter.
When you have the trunks all packed
Have John take them to the station,
Also tack a card on each trunk,
Before he sends them on their journey.
Address, Sir Allfiston and family, of London,
For Paris, on the Merchants Steam Line.
I shall now go to my bank,
My manager for to see and thank,
Make financial arrangements for our long departure,
Trusting all shall be ready by then.

LADY A.

Yes, dear, I shall see after all things ;
You must not worry, put yourself about.
Marvettia and myself shall attend to all,
Seeing that everything be done up properly.

SIR A.

I know you shall, my good wife,
Having trusted you all my long life.

We part now with a fond kiss,
And seal our affection, love, this.

Exit SIR ALLFISTON, *enter* MARVETTIA.

LADY A.

Marvettia, Marvettia, papa has just gone away
To settle his affairs with his directors.
He wants us to get ready soon ;
He'll return in three days from now,
And our maids he will us allow
To be with us to attend and assist us.

MARVETTIA.

O mamma, mamma, papa I shall kiss
And take away sorrow for his loss,
Also help him to bear the cross.
Although he teases me about my dresses
For love's sake I'll give him caresses
And I'll make such a strong endeavor
To show him my very best behaviour
And treat him as I would my Saviour.

LADY A.

Your papa spoiled you, my dear Marvettia,
Giving you everything your fancy desired
Rich presents he gives you all superfine,
Purchased abroad from the most wealthy buyers.
Yes, your papa you ought to respect,
For what he has done for you, darling ;
Your duty to him, O never neglect ;
Marvettia, take my advice as a warning.

MARVETTIA.

Mamma, were you ever in Paris before ;
Will you relate to me your experience there ?

LADY A. Yes, Marvettia, I visited Paris before you were born. Since then that great city has undoubtedly made great advances in Art and Science that will astonish you and me more than anything we behold here in London, where you spent all your youthful years.

MARVETTIA. I am so satisfied at having this opportunity to visit Paris, for in my school days my tutor related to me the brilliant achievements the Frenchmen accomplished in art, science and in war. During our stay in such an attractive city it will be my greatest pleasure and consolation to examine the most elegant in art, and the greatest in science, by the brilliant masters of the past and present.

LADY ALLFISTON. I am also contented returning to Paris on the account of the pleasure, rest and retirement of your father, which he will enjoy while we remain there. I have several friends in Paris who will be delighted at our coming—their acquaintance and companionship you will exceedingly delight in. I remember how they interested themselves to my advantage. Their resources of amusements were abundant to satisfy all my curiosity with perfect satisfaction. You will find them trustworthy, also obliging, far more so than our friends here in London. Now, Marvettia, we must depart to arrange our outfit, so that nothing may be wanting to cause us delay at our departure.

END OF SCENE III.—ACT I.—*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.-- *A baggage and waiting room. Enter Lady Allfiston, John Donetia and Archer.*
(*Maids all arranging Baggage*).

LADY ALLFISTON.

John Donetia, you must get these cards
Tacked on the baggage ; bring the drayman
To take them directly to the station ;
Be sure get them there on time. *Exit* LADY A.

DEBORIA.

John, Miss Marvettia's trunks are ready now.

JOHN.

I shall attend to them, Miss Debora.

EVELEEN.

John, be sure to tell the drayman
To handle Miss Marvettia's trunks very carefully.

ARCHER.

You oblige me, ladies, by keeping quiet,
Because too much ordering makes one stupid ;
John shall nail them on the trunks.

EVELEEN.

Now our work is nearly all completed,
Come away and we shall get ready.
Sir Allfiston has arrived one hour ago.
He's in the drawing-room with his family.
They are preparing for their long journey.
The porter has gone to the stables
To summon the coachman and bring carriage.

DEBORIA.

Won't we all have a glorious time ?
Eveleen, don't Miss Marvettia just look superb ?

She shall capture all the young gentlemen
On the Continent, when on her tour.
I'd like to cut a dash myself,
Would you not like to yourself, Eveleen?

EVELEEN.

No, Deboria dear, have no desire indeed;
I'm just plain Eveleen, a simple maid.

DEBORIA.

You won't be long a simple maid
By what Mr. Archer to me said.

EVELEEN.

Now Deboria, you are always teasing me
About Mr. Archer; what about your John Donetia?
Having seen him looking at you often,
When your color changed like the rainbow,
Methought that a dart had struck you.
Still Donetia smiled and chatted with you,
Put his arms around and kissed you.

DEBORIA.

You are teasing me now, Eveleen dear,
We shall call it quits for both;
Maybe both of us shall marry soon
When we return to our home again.

EVELEEN.

I'll be able to tell you better
When we shall return home here later,
Why, Deboria, the dray is already waiting.

DEBORIA.

I am ready now, so come away quick.

Exit. Enters again.

ARCHER.

John, have you the baggage all ready ;
The cards tacked on each one's trunk ?

JOHN.

Yes, sir, tacked them all on good ;
Come and see them arranged in order.

ARCHER.

Why, John, you have put the cards
All on one box, you stupid fellow ;
Come, come, take them off at once.
I told you one each trunk,
And then do such an ignorant trick.

JOHN.

I thought one trunk was quite sufficient.

ARCHER.

You thought nonsense ; that shall never do,
You must be more expert at work ;
You shall get us all into trouble ;
Giving you, John, this very last warning,
Expecting you to do better in future.

JOHN.

Beg your pardon, shall do better again ;
Thought putting them on one less work ;
I'll be somewhat sharper and try hereafter
To do my work in a proper manner.

ARCHER.

Come now, take them to the station ;
The drayman is waiting at the door ;
They ought to be there long before. *Exit* ARCHER.

JOHN. No matter how earnestly I do transact
business, this crazy Archer is continually finding fault,

although trying to give him satisfaction he will still have some objection.

DEBORIA. I would not try to satisfy him, he's only a boy, we all know that. He imagines us beneath his dignity. We know that our knowledge is superior to his.

EVELEEN. Archer knows perfectly well his business. If he did not, Sir Allfiston would not have had him in his service. He was obliging always on every occasion. I cannot listen to you and John continually criticising and disrespecting him. You ought to have more common sense.

DEBORIA. O he respects you better than us; that is why you take his part, knowing he has a liking for you, and you yet may be his darling wife.

EVELEEN. Well, that is none of your business, you are crazy yourself about John. I have no doubt you will be his wife when you return home to England.

JOHN. Now girls, do not lose your heads, it is all a matter of jealousy between you. You are continually falling out and in with one another and very intimate with each other at times. I desire hereafter that you remain agreeable. It will be more satisfying to us when we arrive in Paris. Now we have just time to prepare at once to proceed to Dover to catch the Merchant Line steamer that starts to-morrow morning at seven o'clock.

Exit all.

END OF SCENE I—ACT II.

SCENE II — *A sitting-room in Marseilles Hotel. Enter Detective and Archer, Eveleen and Debora.*

DETECTIVE.

Mr. Archer, how are you ? Just arrived.
You know what business brings me here.
Believing the burglar is in my power,
Having him where there is no escape.
This picture or the photograph you took
That night at the Grange, if you
Saw him could you recognize him ?

ARCHER.

Yes, I believe, seeing him I could tell.
I went to take a moonlight view
For Sir Allfiston of the Grange.
Setting up my camera to be ready
When the moon shone a clear light,
Was so surprised seeing a man's picture.
Then turning round, looking in the direction
Of the Grange, saw him going away
In the very opposite direction from me.
Next morning, reading the account of it
In the Daily Times, was greatly astonished,
And went immediately to examine my view,
And again found it like the man.
You were sent to me for information.
Here's a copy of the first view. (*Hands copy*).

DETECTIVE.

Yes, here's the one you gave me;
We will both examine this very carefully.
What do you think of the comparison ?
They are the same in my estimation.

ARCHER.

If that's the case, he's your man.
The quicker he's under lock and key
Will be better for you and me.

DETECTIVE.

Yes, Archer, that's the chance I see,
To put him under lock and key.
Understanding Sir Allfiston is leading him away,
Not knowing he's the man we're after.
He thinks he's the most suitable man
To look after for his beautiful daughter.
We must immediately stop his silly delusion.
Show him the man he now favors,
The very man who robbed his bank.
Proof, that shall bring us out victorious,
Then Lord Mordant won't be so glorious. *Exit both.*

Enter EVELEEN and DEBORIA.

EVELEEN.

Oh Debora, Paris my idol, pleasant city,
Her refining art so loved and treasured ;
Our London is no comparison to this.
Look at her art galleries, pleasure halls,
Her perfect streets, and many grand boulevards ;
Her long wide avenues and shady parks,
A paradise to live and dream in.

DEBORIA.

You are turning quite a poetess.
Think of our London none the less,
Our own beloved city, our home,
While through this fair land we roam.
Eveleen, have you seen the new arrivals ?

They are Lord Mordant and his secretary,
 Whose name is the Honorable Mr. Boswell.
 They have made acquaintance with the Allfistons.
 The valet said they were single gentlemen,
 Very smart looking, and decidedly very handsome.

EVELEEN.

They are away above our standard, Deboria;
 We could never be their equals, you know ;
 Miss Marvettia, though, can have her pick,
 And perhaps you can have the other.
 I can choose between Archer and Donetia.

DEBORIA.

Eveleen, we cannot tarry here any longer,
 The guests are here to wait upon ;
 Along with Sir Allfiston, wife and daughter.
 Listen, they are coming, hear their laughter.
 Let us watch Miss Marvettia very attentively,
 To see which one she admires most.
 Here comes the valet, leading Sir Allfiston,
 And Lord Mordant leading Miss Marvettia,
 The Honorable Mr. Boswell leading gently Lady All-
 fiston,
 Come, we must follow, to be on hand. *Exit all.*

END OF ACT II.—SCENE II.

SCENE III.—*A banquetting hall. Enter SIR ALL-
 FISTON, LORD MORDANT, BOSWELL, the guests
 and maids.*

SIR ALLFISTON.

Ladies and gentlemen, be you all seated
 And take of my hospitality, if you please.

Be not backward, be all at your ease.
There is nothing like comfort, 'tis written.
(*Valet rings bell. Enter maids with refreshments, etc.*)
Then give thanks when you have eaten.
I take the liberty of asking our guests
For speech or song, it's my request.
Gentlemen, when we met we were strangers ;
Our friendship with you will now exchange.
We welcome you here heartily with us,
To join us at our pleasure-meeting recess,
Where we enjoy ourselves without excess,
Giving song, speech of your own selection.

LORD MORDANT.

Sir Allfiston, we appreciate your kind reception,
And taking of yours have no objection ;
Thinking it an honor, being your friend,
My Secretary to you his thanks extend.
So thanking you I'll take my seat,
And wish again like this we meet.

BOSWELL.

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm no speechmaker ;
I do believe I understand the matter,
Meeting an honorable gentleman like Sir Allfiston,
Also his family who gives us respect,
Meeting again, here or any part of France,
We are so delighted at our meeting
With such hospitable people as you are,
Our business takes us too soon away.
I am sure Lord Mordant is delighted
With the reception you have given us ;
Wish you good health and many pleasures

Until we all meet ; dear friends, again
For the present we bid you adieu.

SIR ALLFISTON. Gentlemen, I am exceedingly sorry that you have to leave us instantaneously. However, business is business, and we must not detain you any longer here. But this meeting, although broken up abruptly, we part now as good friends, with the prospect of meeting again some time in the future, when you and us will meet, perhaps not here, but in another land. You are departing now to Paris and France, where Lady Allfiston, Miss Allfiston and myself shall journey in a short time, when I leave my business here in order, in charge of my manager until I return from France.

LORD MORDANT. Sir Allfiston, it shall be to my secretary and myself a great pleasure to meet you and your family in Paris when you arrive there. Now we bid you all farewell.

BOSWELL. I would like also before departing from the present company, where we have such good cheer, to pay my respects to Lady Allfiston and Miss Allfiston, who treated me so kindly. I would part from here with sorrow, if I had not the prospect of meeting your kind lady and lovely daughter again in Paris. This is my fond wish and desire, as we are now parting from each other. Now we bid you all a short farewell, hoping you shall have a fair and pleasant voyage when you proceed to Paris. So, kind friends, we part.

Exit.

END OF SCENE III.

SCENE IV.—*Ladies' waiting-room. Enter maids,
etc. Enter MARVETTIA, EVELEEN, DEBORIA,
ARCHER and DETECTIVE.*

DEBORIA.

Eveleen, what think you of the guests ?
Their behaviour was admirable, was it not ?
Which of the two was the handsomest ?

EVELEEN.

I think the Honorable Mr. Boswell was
Indeed the most handsome of the two.
Did you see how Miss Marvettia kept
Her watchful eyes continually looking upon him,
And he the very same with her ?

DEBORIA.

Mr. Boswell was more in her company,
For I heard them both in conversation ;
She appeared interested by what he said.
Eveleen, there may be something happen yet.
I hope Allfistons will have no trouble.
(MISS MARVETTIA ALLFISTON *rushing in*).

MARVETTIA.

Maids, please fan me, I'm very warm
Exerting myself with so much entertaining
Those two brilliant gentlemen you waited on.
Which one do you think the most handsome ?

DEBORIA.

My liking might not be like yours

MARVETTIA.

Well, tell me which you like best ?

DEBORIA.

Well, if I had the choice of one,
He with the dimple on his cheek ;
He's so lovely, and very sweet.
Miss Marvettia, he continually looked at you.
I'm not, indeed, joking, 'tis perfectly true.

EVELEEN.

Do not listen to her, Miss Marvettia,
For she is no judge of men.

MARVETTIA.

Well, Eveleen, let me have your opinion.

EVELEEN.

Lord Mordant is handsome and well bred,
And I know also he's well read.
He has no dimple on his cheek,
But he's got such a lovely complexion,
And for me he has a great attraction.

MARVETTIA.

O ! you old maids, what different ideas
All about those ugly looking old bachelors.
Still, I think much of Mr. Boswell ;
Might love him, one can never tell.
Now, Maid Deboria, we must both retire
To my apartment, I'm very tired.

DEBORIA.

Miss Marvettia, I shall attend to you.

MARVETTIA.

Eveleen, good-night ; tell Mamma I've retired.

(*Exit all. Enter EVELEEN and ARCHER.*)

EVELEEN.

She is struck on that Mr. Boswell,
And he Lord Mordant's poor, worthless Secretary,
O, she will break her father's heart,
Knowing he would prefer Lord Mordant
For his daughter and son-in-law.
If she likes may continue her flirting
With that poor secretary of his lordship.
I would like to advise her now,
She would rage and raise her brow.

ARCHER.

Eveleen, are you here by yourself?

EVELEEN.

Yes, I was waiting for you.

ARCHER.

O! darling, we shall soon be happy.
I have news to tell you, petty.

EVELEEN.

Come tell me now, make me merry,
I shall love you in a hurry.

ARCHER.

Sir Allfiston thanked me for the view
Of his old homestead at the Grange.
Said I would soon be rewarded well,
Some day, but now he cannot tell.
Then we two shall both be one,
And I'll love you all I can.
We shall then waltz round the world.
Now in this fashion you I'll whirl.

EVELEEN.

Now I love you worse than ever.

ARCHER.

Then our lives shall never, never sever.
Come, Eveleen, we'll now retire from here.
I have an appointment somewhere near,
To meet me on private business here.

EVELEEN.

You met me here on private business,
No one else need take my place,
Unless a man is in the case.

ARCHER.

Be not jealous, for 'tis a man.
He comes my welfare for to plan.
(*She retires. He remains.*) (*Enter DETECTIVE.*)

ARCHER.

Now should he succeed, my fortune's made.
He's the man, there is no doubt.
Sir, I was just expecting you here,
You have arrived in time so near.

DETECTIVE.

Why, dear boy, success is the result
Though never was a clue more difficult
To unravel than this we are following.
The scoundrel we shall soon be holding.

ARCHER.

Now, sir, you are speaking the truth,
He was a villain from his youth.
Did you hear what Sir Allfiston said?
My picture of the Grange was superfine.
For which I'll be rewarded some time.

DETECTIVE.

That's when I get hold of him
He'll think he was in a dream.

ARCHER.

You are satisfied he's the right man ?

DETECTIVE.

Yes, when I finished out my plan
I expect Boswell will be here to-morrow,
If so, it may be to his sorrow,
He received a letter from Miss Marvettia
To be sure and be here to-night.
You keep this meeting place in sight,
Arrange a place where I can watch,
If necessary, where I can him catch,
Or at least hear all their conversation.

ARCHER.

I can arrange for such an occasion,
Also advise you of such a location
Where you can take your station.

DETECTIVE.

Then I shall rely upon your word,
If it's true what I've heard,
It shall be proof to me declared ;
You and I shall have the victory,
Though it be done by 'cute trickery,
We part now to meet, if spared,
To tell the news I have heard ;
You to your part, me to mine,
The news I receive will be thine.

Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A private sitting room in hotel. (Enter MARVETTIA and HON. MR. BOSWELL, ARCHER and DETECTIVE.)*

MARVETTIA.

Be you comfortably seated, Mr. Boswell, please.

BOSWELL.

Thank you, Miss Marvettia, I like ease,
For I have travelled here some distance
Since I made your very kind acquaintance
To get from you the promise given.

MARVETTIA.

That promise I shall now you answer,
I accept you as my husband true,
Believing in straightforward open explanation,
You gave me of your past situation.
I have told my father all about it ;
He said you were a gentleman complete,
Giving him the stolen money back again.

BOSWELL.

Seeing you first, I thought to make plain
Confession to you of all my misfortune,
You accepted them with very kind emotion ;
You have made me a better man,
A nobler life with you I'll plan ;
I know, there shall be an enemy
Who shall try to hound us both,
Come what will, I'll meet him fair.

MARVETTIA.

And I to him shall be square.

BOSWELL.

I shall settle my accounts with him.

MARVETTIA.

I shall ever love and adore him.

BOSWELL.

No, not till all my trouble's settled,
His evil habit shall not disgrace you.

MARVETTIA.

Our wedding day shall not please him?

BOSWELL.

No, darling, he tried to disgrace me,
Also your good name and spotless purity,
Which is to you your best security.

MARVETTIA.

Then succeed or not, I'll be true
To one who dares enemies for me.

BOSWELL.

Now, for a while we must depart,
You, dear love, to your mother's heart ;
I, to unloosen the tangle, if possible,
Binding me from my own dear one.
Believing that I shall be very successful.
You, my darling, never to be regretful.
Then, love, a kiss before I start,
My own true love, my own sweetheart.

MARVETTIA.

Take it then, with all my heart,
Don't you hear it move and start.

Exit all. Enter ARCHER and DETECTIVE.

ARCHER.

Well, have you received the full information
That we both expect for our consultation ?

DETECTIVE.

Yes, I assure you, it is settled ;
She shall marry him, and he her.
It is quite true, by Jove ! sir,
When he gets rid of his enemy.

ARCHER.

Pray, tell me who is his enemy ?

DETECTIVE.

'Twas he, I believe, helped Lord Mordant,
That bright, moonlight night at the Grange.
He confessed it all, Archer, 'tis strange ;
Paid her father back the stolen money.
The old gentleman has thought it honorable,
And shall never forget his honest action.

ARCHER.

He was expecting Lord Mordant to-day,
He has got warning to keep away,
And shall not appear here as expected,
For he believes he shall be rejected.

DETECTIVE.

I must away and catch my bird ;
If he comes here send me word.

Exit all.

END OF ACT III.—SCENE I.

SCENE II.—*A private sitting-room in hotel. Enters*
LORD MORDANT and DETECTIVE.

MORDANT.

Well, has he exploded the whole affair ?

DETECTIVE.

Sir Allfiston has been of it aware ;
You're in great danger of being arrested.
My order was to arrest you immediately,
Now I must proceed to duty expeditiously ;
I must take you now to the station,
Though you may be someone's big relation.

MORDANT.

You remember what I promised you
To act on my behalf, twenty thousand.

DETECTIVE.

Be a gentleman and pay me now,
And I'll let you go, I vow.

MORDANT.

Assist me, then, much further, will you ?

DETECTIVE.

State your case to me, I'll answer.

MORDANT.

Can you bring Miss Marvettia to me ?
To a private place, I'll tell thee,
And the twenty thousand you shall have ;
You can then do what you desire ;
Perhaps, your service I may yet require.

DETECTIVE.

Your wish by me shall be fulfilled.

MORDANT.

Bring her to this street and number,
And the money you get, you'll wonder ;
Let me know the time for action,
Tell no one of this our transaction ;

Some future time you shall be rewarded,
And by me you shall be regarded.

DETECTIVE.

Though night be dark, cold the storm,
My duty I shall away to perform

He goes and brings her to him.

Returned, Lord Mordant, I have with her.

Exit DETECTIVE.

MORDANT.

Miss Marvettia, I thank you for coming,
As my business with you is important.

MARVETTIA.

Well, Lord Mordant, what is your business?

MORDANT.

I have gone and robbed your father ;
I repent, asking him to grant pardon,
Accept back my share of the plunder ;
I would not ever have done it—
It was to save Mr. Boswell's life.

MARVETTIA.

What for, did you save his life?

MORDANT.

He was a perfect stranger to me,
Finding him in a very trying position --
In the act of taking his own life—
I persuaded him not to do it,
Believing his past life could be redeemed ;
He asked me how, I answered him :
By becoming my true friend and partner.
He said he would do almost anything
To be relieved of his wretched life.

We had no means, either of us,
So to stop him from committing suicide
I proposed we should rob a bank ;
Also, with the intention of coming here
And investing all the money we procured
In legitimate business to repay Sir Allfiston.
Therefore, we have succeeded beyond our expectation
My desire sending after you, Miss Marvettia,
To give this money to your father,
To pay back the amount I stole.
Also, this small key that opened the vault,
Having found it in my father's pocket,
When he was lying sick unto death,
He was your father's old private secretary.
Miss Marvettia, I have recorded to you,
All that happened to the present time ;
Miss Marvettia, with you I leave it,
To plead for me to your father,
I ask for his forgiveness and his pardon.

MARVETTIA.

Lord Mordant, I do what you desire,
Really this is all a romance,
Meeting us here and making our acquaintance,
After robbing us in London, our home,
Then investing our money in legitimate business,
And you doubled it in one year ;
No wonder, father is so very rich,
If he, too, doubles all his millions,
Then he must be a multi-millionaire,
And me, his only daughter, his heir.
Now, Lord Mordant, this is really a romance,
Indeed, to me of very great importance,

Now I must go to my father,
And state your case to his counsel ;
I shall listen to what he says,
Also be your true advocate before him ;
If I am successful in getting your pardon,
What fee shall you to me pay,
All the advocates are paid, they say ?

MORDANT.

I'm quite willing to pay, Miss Marvettia,
But you must send in your account.

MARVETTIA.

If I succeed in getting your pardon,
I will come to you and let you know ;
If defeated, would advise you to go.

MORDANT.

Where would you want me to go ?

MARVETTIA.

To find for yourself a good wife,
Who can keep you away from mischief.

MORDANT.

Don't know where to go for one,
Unless you, yourself, take pity on me,
And be the one to guide me.

MARVETTIA.

I'm bespoked for already by your friend
Who proposed to me, and I accepted.

MORDANT.

Then you are ever lost to me ?

MARVETTIA.

Not, if you had told your story first ;

'Twas that made my heart take pity
For his many sad misfortunes you know.

MORDANT.

O ! that I could have you though.

MARVETTIA.

A woman cannot have two husbands living,
Otherwise I would be most willing.
He's looking for you for a duel ;
He's expert with the swords, they say,
And his guard cannot be touched.
Would you dare face such an antagonist ?

MORDANT.

Yes, for such a woman as you
I could stand before a dozen such.

MARVETTIA.

Then you shall have your first chance ;
If you be successful I'll marry you.

MORDANT.

Then I'll keep you to your word,
And should I receive a fatal blow
The act shall show I loved you, O !

MARVETTIA.

If your partner win I'll marry him.
So, Lord Mordant, I wish you well
To live long this romance to tell.

MORDANT.

Goodbye, Marvettia, a short farewell !
Die for you, if not to dwell.

Exit all.

END OF SCENE II.—ACT III.

SCENE III.—*Sir Allfiston's sitting-room in mansion.*
(*Enter SIR ALLFISTON and MISS MARVETTIA.*)

MARVETTIA.

Father, I have a case to plead.
It is about Lord Mordant's robbing case :
He has given me the stolen money,
Asking me to plead for his pardon,
Explaining to me how he did it.
It was to save his partner's life ;
Accidentally he saw him ending his life,
He obstructed him from committing the crime
By promising to show him the way out
Of all his difficulties, and become reformed,
Be a wealthy and very successful man,
That took immediately away his crazy spell ;
Here you receive all your money back,
So do not take proceedings against him.

SIR ALLFISTON.

I have no desire to do so, Marvettia,
Knowing he is my old secretary's son,
Also a distant relation of my own.
Yes, his father bought him a commission
On going with his regiment to Africa,
Whereby his brave, heroic skill in action
He won honors, was distinguished for bravery,
Again returned to England, received a title
He then travelled all round the world.
I lost all further accounts of him
Also, believing he spent his father's fortune,
Returning here to his old home penniless,
Not wishing to be recognized by friends

After meeting this outcast in this place
Where he found him just like himself.
Tired of life, then planned the robbery
And fortune has now found them both.
I must know his father's financial standing,
Also find out where his wealth went.
It may be kept in trust for him,
His father being director of trusts company.
Notified of his father's death in Africa,
Knowing his father lavished wealth on him,
Thought there was nothing left for him.
However, I shall investigate his legitimate rights
To any inheritance his father left him.
Now, my loving daughter, it's for you
To try to interest this Lord Mordant ;
If you like him, win his affection.

MARVETIA.

Father, I have just done that already.

SIR ALLFISTON.

You must have been in his company
More times than I have been aware ?

MARVETIA.

Father, he has already proposed to me.
Told him of my engagement to Boswell
Then he said my secretary, my rival,
For yourself he is now my enemy
I challenge him, give choice of weapons
To decide this question of matter, money
Between us, you, him and myself.

SIR ALLFISTON.

Let them settle it in their way.

One woman can only marry one man.
You were deceived yourself by them both.
Let them fight it out between themselves,
It is none of your doing, daughter,
If they kill themselves it's no matter.
It is now time that we retired ;
Come to me when all is settled,
When you have won your one desire
The very fervent wish you did require,
Getting him whom you can never trust ;
Keep cool, don't let yourself get fluttered.

MARVETTIA.

No, papa, naught but truth I've uttered
About those two brave gallants fighting together
To see who conquers one another.
Papa, we'll retire, the hour is late,
I'll wait patiently to know my fate.

SIR ALLFISTON.

Peace and happiness be with you then,
If it be your loss or gain
Take not to heart and suffer pain,
You are still my daughter, I'm able
To share with you my bounteous table.

Exit all.

END OF SCENE III.—ACT III.

SCENE IV.—*A sitting-room in the Marseilles Hotel.*

Enter ARCHER, DEBORIA and EVELEEN.

ARCHER.

Sir Allfiston has just informed me
That we shall be returning to England

To be all home before Christmas time ;
We have two weeks to make preparations
Therefore, must prepare for our return journey.

DEBORIA.

O ! how delightful to get back home
Again, to the Grange in the hollow,
Revered by the family threescore years.

EVELEEN

Deboria, you are so delighted returning home
I am the very opposite to you ;
Here, in Paris, I could live ever ;
Pleasant, glorious city, full of historic romances.
O ! I'll live here, take my chances ;
Archer shall remain here with me too,
This grand, imperial city to always review.

DEBORIA.

You stay as long as you choose,
Staying here would give me the blues.
John Donetia shall come home with me
Then man and wife we shall be,
We will not eat squash and sardines,
But good roast beef, pork and beans.
On this old English food we'll thrive ;
Alone with each other long we'll strive.
Leave you here among the Paris crowd
Shaking your tail like a peacock proud.

EVELEEN.

Deboria, you will never stop teasing me,
Sometime I'll come to London maybe,
But not to come and see you,
Because you were never friendly to me.

DEBORIA.

Eveleen, O don't now at me pout ;
If I have put you greatly about
I'll beg your humble pardon ; yes, indeed,
Ever after this to you I'll take heed.

EVELEEN.

Then Debora, I'll forgive you altogether
And we'll always love again one another.
Debora, did you hear the latest news ?
That Lord Mordant and Boswell, his secretary,
Are both infatuated with dear Miss Alliston ;
They are going to have a duel
To decide which of them have her.
Lord Mordant is related to her father.
Sir Alliston thinks Lord Mordant very wealthy
And that he don't know it himself

DEBORIA.

How strange, the way wonders will come,
She loved his secretary, he did her,
But now his master she does prefer.
No doubt they'd make a better pair,
And Boswell will hereafter be nowhere.

Exit ARCHER—*Enter* JOHN DONETIA.

JOHN.

O ! Debora, give me something to drink,
For I am fainting and very weak ;
Arrested for laughing at a Frenchman.
Let us get home from here, Debora ;
There, forever, hereafter we both reman ;
Bad luck to France I'll say again,
They treated you and I with disdain,

So here we will no longer remain ;
Deboria, we have all been worried here,
Maybe much more abused, despised I fear.

DEBORIA.

Sir Allfiston, wife and daughter will return
In two weeks' time back to London ;
We must live in France till then,
Then go back to London with them.

JOHN.

Deboria, when did you see Archer last ?
He's all the time with his Eveleen ;
Not for human creatures for to see,
Nor as happy as you and me ;
No, or hereafter will they ever be.

Enter ARCHER.

ARCHER.

John Donetia, we are going to London,
I'm sure you will have no objection ?

JOHN.

No, for here I cannot get protection,
Those cursed French don't understand our language ;
Why should we stay so long among
These French wretches, we abominably abhor ;
Now to London, leave this Frenchy shore.

ARCHER.

We all don't dislike this beautiful Paris,
With its fountains clear and silvery terrace ;
You were only wandering through the slums,
Where gather nightly all Paris' beastly bums.
John, when to Paris you come again,
French at home you then must learn,

Then you will like the Frenchmen better,
And become French yourself, sooner or later,
And never to London go back again ;
Deboria, with you too, must there remain.

Erit all.

END OF ACT III. — SCENE IV.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A drawing-room in Marseilles Hotel. Enter* LADY ALLFISTON *and* MISS MARVETTIA.

LADY ALLFISTON.

Marvettia, be seated, and sit beside me,
You have a brother you never saw ;
He went away as a cabin boy,
On Her Majesty's warship the " Algerian,"
Which sailed away from London to Gibraltar ;
She became a total wreck, was lost,
Some survived, came back again to London.
We heard nothing more of your brother,
Who must have been drowned, poor boy.
On you, Marvettia, falls your father's fortune,
And if Lord Mordant his antagonist defeats,
He'll be your husband, there's no doubt ;
Your papa believes Lord Mordant is rich,
He's gone away to the Trust Company
To examine there Lord Mordant's father's will,
Where he placed it before he died,
I am expecting him to return soon
With the news, then we shall know.

MARVETTIA.

Should Boswell kill Lord Mordant, what then ?

LADY ALLFISTON.

Then it would be no better for you.

MARVETTIA.

Boswell may be just as well off?

LADY ALLFISTON.

No he's not, only an unknown stranger,

MARVETTIA.

Yes, but he's a splendid financier ;

When he gave back his stolen money

He told me that he doubled it.

Yes, mamma, he shall soon be rich,

And I like him just as well ;

If he succeeds in defeating Lord Mordant,

Why, mamma, I shall indeed marry him.

LADY ALLFISTON.

Then let them decide their own fate,

As they both decidedly persist to fight ;

And let them both kill themselves.

You have still your father and mother

To look after and support you ever.

Enter SIR ALLFISTON. MARVETTIA runs to meet him.

MARVETTIA.

O, papa, papa, how did you succeed ?

LADY ALLFISTON.

Child, give your father time to answer.

SIR ALLFISTON.

I am not the only millionaire now,

Lord Mordant owns an estate worth millions ;

He does not know anything about it,

I found out he's the only heir,

When he dies the Crown gets all.

MARVETTIA.

O ! if Boswell kill him, then sure
I shall lose all his great wealth ?

SIR ALLFISTON.

Daughter, if you lose one, there's another.

MARVETTIA.

I would prefer Mordant, he's a millionaire.

SIR ALLFISTON.

I have no doubt you're like ourselves
In that respect, for money always tells
How can we stop this foolish duel ?
I don't understand the necessity for it,
Two friends wanting to kill each other,
And it's all for a millionaire's daughter.
Mr. Boswell, I know, has no means,
And Lord Mordant don't know his wealth ;
Their love for you is only selfish.
If he knew his own great wealth,
Marvettia, just now before he married be,
I don't believe he would think of thee,
Or with Mr. Boswell fight a deadly duel.
When appearing on the scene of combat
I shall have the officers of Law
On the spot ready to arrest them ;
When we have them arrested, you decide
Telling Lord Mordant you are his bride.
Boswell shall be taken away to jail,
Keep him there until he gets bail ;
Then, after this affair is all over,
We'll go back to London by Dover,
Where you, Marvettia, shall become Lady Mordant

Then nothing more from me you'll want.
 To-morrow be at the scene of combat,
 Receive your husband, whoever he be ;
 I'll be there to prevent the combat,
 Arrest one of the party you'll see,
 Marvettia, the other shall be your husband ;
 When Lord Mordant names your wedding day,
 The ceremony shall be performed in London ;
 Spend your honeymoon where you choose.
 Your mother, with the maids and servants,
 Shall immediately return again to the Grange.

MARVETTIA.

Father, no more worry ; all is over.
 When leaving Paris to go to Dover
 I won't forget the place of combat ;
 And what you said, think of that.
 Now we go to make our preparations,
 Each of us to our special stations.

SIR ALLFISTON.

Your behavior there shall on yourself depend,
 If you're successful that is the end.

Exit all.

END OF SCENE I.—ACT IV.

SCENE II.—*The arena of battle. Enter LORD MORDANT and his antagonist, with seconds.*

1st SECOND.

Is your man now ready ?

2nd SECOND.

Yes, my man is ready.

The Seconds hand them their swords.

[At the command of referee they begin fighting, con-

tinuing until the law officers stop them. An officer advances between them with a drawn sword and says: "By the law of France I stop you from further fighting." The combatants separate, the officer calls out names and professions.]

OFFICER.

What is your name, and present profession?

LORD MORDANT.

My name is Lord Mordant; profession, gentleman.

OFFICER.

What is your name and present profession?

BOSWELL.

My name is Timothy Boswell; profession, gentleman.

OFFICER.

Gentlemen, you must at once withdraw swords
And depart in peace from here now.

LORD MORDANT.

Not until we both have our satisfaction.

OFFICER.

Tell me what satisfaction you both want.

LORD MORDANT.

To fight until one or both dies,
Then the combat shall be ended forever.

Enter DETECTIVE. *Come, put your swords in their
sheaths.*

DETECTIVE.

Stop, not one of you draw swords;
Hear me speak, I shall convince you,
This man here, his name is not Boswell,
But Ardrettia, son of Sir Allfiston,

Supposed to have been wrecked and lost,
But escaped the disaster, now stands here.

MARVETTIA.

Then he must be my own brother.

DETECTIVE.

If you're Miss Allfiston, he's your brother,
You should know me, your old skipper.

BOSWELL.

I know you very well, old boy.
Where on earth have you come from?

DETECTIVE.

I am a Detective, have discovered you
While searching for the two burglars, who
Robbed Sir Allfiston's bank at the Grange ;
For the last year found you here
Under an assumed name, Honorable Mr. Boswell.
I knew your comrade and yourself,
Knew all your infatuation for that lady ;
If the Honorable Mr. Boswell had killed
His opponent, which luckily he did not,
He would have married his own sister.

MARVETTIA.

Tell me, art thou my lost brother,
And that thy right name is Allfiston ?

BOSWELL.

On board ship they called me Allfiston ;
Remembering when a boy I left home
On one of Her Majesty's warships,
Which got stranded on the Pacific Ocean ;
I clung to the ship, was rescued ;
Then I forgot all my bearings and

The parents who must have raised me.
My rescuer brought me back to Gibraltar,
Where he left me, never returned again ;
Then working my way back to London,
Travelled through that city starving,
Knew not where to go, what to do ;
Was so depressed with grief and woe
That I determined to take my life ;
Lord Mordant caught me in the act,
Begged of me to become his partner ;
Having now reason to thank him sincerely,
For through him I have found my parents ;
She who would have been my wife,
Turns out now to be my sister.
Allow me, my rescuer, to congratulate you
For the very honorable way you acted ;
You have saved a life, perhaps too ;
You gave a son to mother, father,
And a brother to his loved sister.

MARVETTIA.

And he brought a husband to me.

LORD MORDANT.

Yes, my darling, a husband to thee.

Enter SIR ALLFISTON.

SIR ALLFISTON.

Tell me if this affair is settled,
Who's the victor and who's the defeated ?

LORD MORDANT.

Yes, Sir Allfiston, we're all victorious ;
You are the victor, here's your son.

SIR ALLFISTON.

My son ! no, it is Mr. Boswell.

BOSWELL.

No, father, it is not Mr. Boswell,
But your own lost son, Ardrettia Allfiston ;
Whereby this duel I have found you,
My mother, sister, and brother-in-law.
See, this old shipmate of mine (*Points to DETECTIVE.*)
Deserves all our thanks and good reward,
He it was who discovered my identity ;
Came and stopped us in our duel.
If he had not come so quickly
There might be two dead men here ;
But all is well that ends well.
Can't you father, recognize me, your son ?

SIR ALLFISTON.

You may be my son, I cannot tell ;
Your mother, if she be your mother,
I'm sure she can decide for me.

BOSWELL.

Then take her to me, to know
Whether I be the boy she lost ;
All the proof I have is what
The mate of the ship has said.
He seems to know all my pedigree ;
If you, father, are in doubt about
My identity, inquire of him, he knows.

SIR ALLFISTON.

I remember thy mother speaking about
You having a mark on your arm ;
She knows well what caused that mark.

BOSWELL.

If that's true, I am your son,
Such as my mother described to you,
On my arm is a mark ; see. (*Shows arm.*)

SIR ALLFISTON.

My dear boy, I vow it's true.
Come, my son, to see your mother.
You, sir, who have brought my son
Back to us shall not be forgotten.
Meet me here privately, we shall consider
As to your future welfare and prospect.
Sir, what is your name ? tell me.

DETECTIVE.

My name is Herita Calvin ; profession, detective ;
My address, Scotland Yard Police Station, London.

SIR ALLFISTON.

Thank you ; you shall hear from me.

(*DETECTIVE retires.*)

Now, my Lord Mordant, are you satisfied ?

LORD MORDANT.

Who would not be satisfied with her,
And a father-in-law like you ?

SIR ALLFISTON.

And me with a son-in-law like you.
You have won my daughter, I confess ;
She is a precious gift, I vow ;
But still there's in store for you
Much wealth and treasure, you don't know.
Some future time I'll talk of this,
And bless the stars who helped us.

LORD MORDANT.

I retire awhile to let you
And your better-half enjoy your son's
Company. His mother shall know it's him,
And at your leisure we will appoint
A day to discuss our important matters.
Wishing you, Sir Allfiston, and my intended
Pleasant anticipations for the future, good-bye.
Exit.

END OF SCENE II.

SCENE III.—*Parlor Marseilles Hotel.*

(*Enter SIR and LADY ALLFISTON, MARVETTIA and
ARDRETTIA ALLFISTON.*)

SIR ALLFISTON.

Now, Lady Allfiston, you were once introduced
To this gentleman as the Hon. Mr. Boswell.
It was a false name he took,
His own proper name being Ardrettia Allfiston.
He is also your long-lost son,
And come to you to identify him.
At one time you spoke to me
About a mark on his left arm ;
He will now show you that arm,
And you can judge for yourself.

LADY ALLFISTON.

Yes, it is the mark he had,
And he is my own long-lost boy.
I could tell you without this mark.
O ! Ardrettia, how did you recognize us,
Being so long away from your parents ?

ARDRETTIA.

It was not me who recognized you,

But a seaman who knew me before.
He's now the detective who followed us,
After robbing the bank at the Grange.
We were both wrecked in mid-ocean,
He taking me with him to Gibraltar.
He always called me Ardrettia or Alf,
Also telling me my father was wealthy.
So, leaving me in Gibraltar, went away.
I never saw him again till now.

SIR ALLFISTON.

He arrived at a very important time,
To stop the antagonists who were fighting.
Had he not been there on time
We would not have a son now,
Or daughter, who gets a wealthy husband.

MARVETTIA.

I love my brother for my husband,
Not knowing he was my dear brother.
My brother, long may he be spared,
And our lives together shall be shared.

Exit

END OF SCENE III.

SCENE IV.—*A private dining-room in Marseilles Hotel.* (*Enter ARCHER, EVELEEN, JOHN DONETIA and DEBORIA.*) (*They partake of their last meal in France.*)

ARCHER.

We take our last meal in France.

JOHN DONETIA.

Then I hope it shall be good.

DEBORIA.

So would I like something very nice.

EVELEEN.

Give me some macaroni on a slice.

ARCHER.

Give me some chow-chow with rice;
Or some oysters with salt and spice,
Have you heard was the duel finished,
And who was conquered and who punished ?

JOHN DONETIA.

There was no one conquered, nor one punished.
They say there was a great mistake,
And stopped the duel for his sake.
He, whom we always called Mr. Boswell
Turns out to be Sir Allfiston's son.
He went to sea, was thought drowned,
Unknown to them for twenty long years.
The mate of the vessel knew him,
Called him Ardrettia Allfiston, of the Grange,
On board ship sailors called him Alf.
This made him forget his surname.
In twenty years lost remembrance of home,
Deserted and alone wandered all round Gibraltar,
Then worked his way back to London,
Where he fell in with Lord Mordant,
Who was as shiftless as himself.
Asking his assistance to rob Allfiston's bank,
Which they did of one hundred thousand,
And shared the amount between them both.
The rest you are all aware of.

EVELEEN.

How very strange things come about, Archer.
This Boswell, Mordant might have killed him.

Then Sir Allfiston would have no son,
Miss Marvettia would marry Lord Mordant, then,
Who slew her brother in the duel.

DEBORIA.

I told you, Eveleen, remember, long ago,
That the Allfistons would sure have trouble ;
Now, you see my words come true.
Misfortunes ever since we left the Grange.

JOHN DONETIA.

I knew, Debora, that trouble would come,
And we were right, Eveleen was wrong.
If this Mr. Boswell be their son,
Won't he be his father's only heir?
At his father's decease take his place.
Miss Marvettia shall be well provided for
By Lord Mordant, who is immensely rich.
Their son now must get a bride
Of equal wealth and standing like him.
Then the Allfiston family shall be happy,
Old Allfiston then can take his comfort.

ARCHER.

Sir Allfiston has issued to all invitations
For a farewell parting banquet and dance.
He ordered me to invite you all
To come to the hotel's large hall,
Here to enjoy and share with us
This last night we stay in Paris.

DEBORIA.

That's very kind indeed of Sir Allfiston.
My John Donetia shall dance with me,
And Archer shall swing round his Eveleen,

The fairest one there to be seen.

Exit.

(All retire to prepare for ball).

END OF SCENE IV.

SCENE V.—*A ball-room at the hotel.*

Enter SIR ALLFISTON and LADY ALLFISTON, LORD
MORDANT and MISS MARVETTIA ALLFISTON, MR.
ARDRETTIA and LADY GORDON, MR. ARCHER
and EVELEEN, JOHN DONETIA and
MISS DEBORIA.

[All join in and dance the Circassian reel, followed
by quadrilles, etc., after which they all sit down
and partake of refreshments, then they retire
and listen to songs and speeches.]

A song to be given.

Then MR. ARDRETTIA ALLFISTON *makes a speech.*

Ladies and gentlemen, we tried to please you ;
If we have succeeded, we are satisfied.
And again should you come to view,
"Millions For Her" shall again be reviewed.
Now, farewell to you all this season,
Away we go another place to play ;
"Millions For Her," it is our reason,
For "Millions For Her" always pay.
Good-night, joy be with you all !
Think of us until we come again ;
May this theatre have no empty stall ;
Your favor we strive always to obtain.
If this drama has any great fault
Which does not meet your recommendation,
Let us know at once ; we'll halt
And rectify it for your observation.

Exit all.

THE END.

THE BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN.

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

GENERAL CUSTER, a General of American Army.

CAPT. T. W. C. CUSTER, a nephew of Gen. Custer.

ROY BUSTER, a son of Mrs. Buster.

SITTING BULL, the head Sioux Chief.

CHEYENNE, a Sioux Chief.

CAPTAIN PRICHARD, a Capt. in Custer's Army.

LIEUT. A. E. SMITH, Lieut. in Custer's Army.

LIEUT. W. VAN W. RILEY, Lieut. in Custer's Army.

ALEXANDER GALVESTON, President of a Mining Company.

CAPT. T. W. YATES, Capt. in Custer's Army.

Sioux Warriors.

Camp of Miners, Attendants, etc.

MRS. CUSTER, wife of C. Custer.

GRETA CUSTER, daughter of C. Custer.

MRS. BUSTER, mother of Roy Buster.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.—A sitting-room in Mrs. Buster's home. SCENE 2.—A station on boundary line of Montana Territory. SCENE 3.—A waiting-room in a station. SCENE 4.—A camp of Sioux warriors.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.—A camping ground of General Custer's Army. SCENE 2.—A battle ground. SCENE 3.—A camping ground with wigwam. SCENE 4.—A miner's camp.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.—A wigwam. SCENE 2.—A tent on the prairie. SCENE 3.—A mining camp located in Custer Valley. SCENE 4.—Roy Buster's tent on the prairie.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.—A miner's camp. SCENE 2.—A drawing-room in General Custer's home. SCENE 3.—A banqueting hall.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A sitting-room in Mrs. Buster's home.*

Enter MRS. BUSTER and ROY, her son.

MRS. BUSTER.

Roy, my son, for you I've done,
All that a widowed mother can do ;
You know, Roy, you are well educated,
And fit now to study a profession ;
But before you start to do that,
You must take a tour somewhere,
To revive your health and get fat ;
Roy, you like others then shall compare,
You can choose where you may travel
For to revive your lately failing health,
You shall get strong, then you'll marvel.

ROY.

I have a wish to travel west,
Upon the open prairies that are wide,
I do intend to go in haste

And part of the way I shall ride.
Mother, I am sorry to leave you
Here, by yourself, at home all alone,
For it may be years a few
Before I can return again to you.

MRS. BUSTER.

Roy, I shall miss you from home,
And be very lonely without my boy ;
To get knowledge you have to roam,
Hearing from you will give me joy ;
And should prosperity come thy way,
I know you shall remember your mother ;
Correspond with her from day to day,
This, dear boy, you shall always consider,
To the west where you are going,
A prosperous land where fortunes are made ;
The country is progressing and fast growing,
There's plenty room for man and maid.

ROY.

I believe, mother, I shall there succeed,
I do will not forget you,
My dear, kind mother, O no, indeed,
For you were to me always true ;
My schoolmate said he would not go,
With me to the far western plains,
Now he tells me he doesn't know,
Of the hardship his parents complain,
I shall go on my own hook,
Without the company of anyone.
I shall succeed by hook or crook,
And on my journey I will go on,

To win fame and fortune for myself.
I won't have to share my fortune with another.
All I desire is to have good health ;
That is better than a comrade, mother.

MRS. BUSTER.

Well, my poor boy, I too think so ;
By being alone you shall take heed
To my advice that's right you know.
Roy, having company they might you bleed.
I shall pack up your travelling trunk,
Put all things in their proper place.
Parting with you I am quite frank,
All good wishes for you I express.

ROY.

Then, mother, at the hour of six
My departure shall take place from here ;
By that all things we can fix,
To you, mother, I'll be always sincere.

Exit.

(They retire to prepare outfit.)

END OF SCENE I.

SCENE II.—*A station on the boundary line of Montana Territory, where General Custer is recruiting scouts to go on Sitting Bull's trail.*

Enter CAPTAIN CUSTER, GENERAL CUSTER and scouts.

CAPT. CUSTER.

I have succeeded enlisting fifteen scouts,
Who are accustomed to the scouting profession.
They gave proof sufficient without any doubts
They have come from a fighting relation.

GEN. CUSTER.

Make them fall into your company ;
Prepare thy men for an early start,
To proceed to the Little Big Horn,
Where thy soldiers must all be alert.
The enemy is numerous and well prepared
To receive us with defiance until death.
I trust no American soldier be scared,
But fight determinedly until his last breath ;
Then thy country shall honor you all,
As it did to heroes in the past,
When they all obeyed their country's call,
To fight her foes until the last.
You shall have done your duty honorably,
When thy country's foes are all defeated.
I cannot believe you shall act dishonorably,
That no one can say you retreated,
But face the enemy and defy them.
To defeat them I think we're able,
As we did when last they came,
To defy them we had no trouble.
Captain, have thy company prepared to start
At the bugle call in half an hour ;
I have marked our route on a chart,
Which we travel with all our power,
Keeping strict look-out as we go forward
Not to let the enemy surprise us,
And attack us as we move onward.
The enemy, I trust, we shall not miss,
So that this war shall end quickly,
That we may return home in peace
And in good health and not sickly,

When each soldier's inheritance shall then increase.
Your wife and daughter, have they arrived
In camp, and prepared for their reception ?

CAPT. CUSTER.

Yes, General, to have them I contrived ;
They won't cause the army any obstruction.

GEN. CUSTER.

Captain, take women, those who are suitable
And willing to come along with us ;
Those whom you accept must be useful,
All the wounded soldiers they must nurse.

CAPT. CUSTER.

General, I am exceedingly pleased with them
For their assistance shall be required shortly.
They all acted promptly when they came ;
They appear in good health, and strongly
To assist the fallen and the wounded
With the medical staff who are here,
When by the enemy they are surrounded,
To help the fallen they will be sincere.

GEN. CUSTER.

Yes, Captain, you can depend upon them ;
They'll do their duty, give you satisfaction,
To you obliging, and always the same,
And to the suffering a great attraction.
Now, Captain, the time has almost arrived
To move on at the bugle-call.

CAPT. CUSTER.

To have all ready, I have contrived
To be prepared at the bugle-call.

GEN. CUSTER.

Then you have done your honest duty
For which you shall gain quick promotion.
You shall instruct Lieut. Smith his duty
To lead his scouts on every occasion
Tell him to keep ahead of the army,
About the distance of, say, five miles,
Send us despatch when he sees enemy,
Then we'll proceed with all our files
To conquer Sitting Bull and all his warriors.
This shall finish all our Indian braves.
As victors we'll return to Camp Harris,
Although, likely, some may lie in graves.

CAPT. CUSTER.

General, don't take such a gloomy view,
Believing we shall conquer without great loss,
Maybe suffer, the taking away a few
When the treacherous plains we march across.
For to conquer the enemy we must
The sooner it is accomplished the better ;
To be victorious we must now trust
In our Almighty God our foes to scatter.

GEN. CUSTER.

Yes, Captain, God's help is great power.
We shall go forward in His care,
Beseeching His assistance onward hour by hour,
And then our victories we shall share ;
Our purpose is to teach the heathen,
To make them understand our God aright,
Who gives them light, breath and reason.
When we leave them with their instructors,

They shall think the change most charming ;
They'll be taught to be honest workers,
Then the army returns to their camp
To enjoy the results of war's success,
At intervals take to ourselves a tramp
To pass time in some quiet recess.

Exit.

SCENE III.—*A waiting-room in a station.*

Enter MRS. BUSTER and her son ROY.

MRS. BUSTER.

Roy, my boy, we are parting now,
It may be long before meeting again.
'Tis God's will, to Him I bow
And pray that health you shall regain ;
That when you return to thy home,
You'll be able to begin your life profession,
And not again from me ever roam,
Roy, this is my desire and expression.

ROY.

Mother, hoping your expectation shall be fulfilled,
I'll do nothing to check thy desire ;
This is my honest wish and will
To adhere to it till I expire.
Going forth from my home and mother
Makes me so sad and very sorrowful,
Knowing I shall not meet with another
Like you, for your kindness I am thankful.
Thou art the magnet to bring me back,
Wherever in the far west I travel,
Thinking of thee while on my track,
Not from my memory thyself unravel.

And, mother, should prosperity come my way,
I shall quickly to you come back
To live with thee till thy last day,
My love for thee shall never lack.

MRS. BUSTER.

Roy, may the Almighty Father guide thee,
I leave thee in His Almighty care,
Trusting in Him; He is merciful, you see,
And all His bounties you shall share.
Now, my son, we're going to part,
Let me embrace you once more,
Then press me to thy fond heart,
Just as I ofttimes did before.

(*They embrace.*)

ROY.

Farewell, my mother, may God bless you ;
It is the last wish of thy boy.
Thou wert always faithful, good and true.
Until I return may thou have joy.
(*Roy departs. His mother retires to her home.*)

Exit.

SCENE IV.—*A camp of Sioux warriors. Enter SITTING BULL, Chyenne in command.*

SITTING BULL.

White man kill Sioux, take our land,
We must kill white man or die.
To defy them we Sioux must stand
Defending our hunting grounds ; our war-cry
Shall warn you to fight our foes
That not one of them return alive.
Their bodies stray the plain in rows.

This, to accomplish, brave warriors, you'll strive
That the Sioux nation shall be remembered
For protecting their hunting ground from white men.
Praise from other Indian nations shall be rendered
To us who bravely fought the white man.
Now, Sioux, let us sing our war song.
Prepare to receive the white man's thieves
Who have hounded us and did us wrong ;
Slay them, to rot among the leaves.

(They sing their war song and retire to await the enemy.)

Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A camping ground of GENERAL CUSTER's army where scouts return to report the location of the enemy. GENERAL CUSTER gives command to march against the foe and give them battle.*

GEN. CUSTER.

Captain T. W. Custer, of No. 1 Company ?

CAPT. T. W. CUSTER.

General, here I am present.

GEN. CUSTER.

Captain G. W. Yates, No. 2 Company ?

CAPT. G. W. YATES.

General, here I am present.

GEN. CUSTER.

Lieut. Smith, No. 1 Company ?

LIEUT. A. E. SMITH.

General, here I am present.

GEN. CUSTER.

Lieut. W. Van W. Rielly?

LIEUT. W. VAN W. RIELLY.

General, here I am present.

GEN. CUSTER.

Officers and soldiers of the United States,
Are you prepared to face the enemy?
Sitting Bull's courier, whose name is Betts,
He has had an interview with me;
Informed me these Sioux were anxiously waiting
For us at the Little Big Horn.
Soldiers, you must at once be prepared,
We must not our Sioux enemy scorn;
They will fight and give no quarter,
And our scalps they all may take.
In your companies see there's no deserter,
Each soldier fight for his country's sake.
Revenge our people's slaughter on the border,
Teach them a lesson they won't forget.
This shall give the Sioux a recorder
Of the Sioux Indian band's last fate.

[The soldiers give a rousing cheer to General Custer.

The star-spangled banner by the companies is
raised and they all sing the "Star-spangled
Banner." When finished, the officers and sol-
diers call out: "General, we are ready. Lead
us on." They then retire to await the foe.]

Exit.

END OF ACT II.—SCENE I.

SCENE II.—*A Battleground. Enter GENERAL CUSTER
and his Army.*

GENL. CUSTER.

Soldiers, we now face the brave Sioux warriors.

At my command, go fight our foe,
And don't give way to any barriers,
And no quarter shall we then show.
We shall win this conflict or perish—
Leave our bodies to the ferocious vulture.
Take this warning, my soldiers, and cherish
When to face your enemy you venture.
This is my last warning to you.
Now, come, march, I lead the way ;
I have confidence you shall be true.
Then we'll win the battle this day.

[Six soldiers stand in line with blank cartridge, fire a volley at the enemy, who shall be prepared concealed beyond the scenes. After the volley by Custer's troops the Sioux warriors shall enter upon the stage. Each side fire their revolvers and rifles with blank cartridge ; then the American Army falls down dead or wounded, while General Custer stands between them with revolvers in both hands, fighting until a ball of the enemy pierced his heart, and he died among his comrades. The Sioux warriors stand beside the dead and sing their war song.]

(SITTING BULL *speaks.*)

SITTING BULL.

We have our revenge and hunting-grounds.
Indian free to go hunt his game ;
White man lie dead, pierced with wounds.
Though to conquer us here they came,
This shall give the white man a warning,
During the years that yet shall be,

No more with the Sioux be warring ;
The Sioux nation shall now be free.
We'll bury the white chief in grave,
And mark the spot where he fell ;
For the white man chief he was brave,
This to his countrymen we now tell :
He the first and last to fight,
Dropped down dead beside his brave warriors.
This, we thought, was just quite right,
That there should be hereafter no barriers ;
We take possession of our hunting-grounds,
Where we shall settle with papoose and squaw
Along the prairie plains by the ponds,
The richest hunting-grounds the Sioux saw.
This was ours before white man came
To rob us of our rich heritage.
The Great Moneet'a, that was his name,
Gave us the land without a grudge ;
So, Sioux, we remain here and prosper.
White men stay in their own land,
Never come again to fight the Sioux,
For the lesson they received they'll understand ;
They'll stay at home and ride their bicycles.

[The Sioux retire to their hunting-grounds, taking with them Captain and Mrs Custer. The Chief takes their daughter away from her parents ; they are made prisoners, taken in charge by four Sioux Chiefs, who lead them off bound together. While on their way they meet a band of miners, who demanded their release. As they were overpowered, they granted their release. Then Captain Custer and his wife accompany

the miners to their journey's end, where they make their abode.]

END SCENE II.—ACT II.

Exit.

SCENE III.—*Camping-ground with wigwam. (Enter GRETA CUSTER and SIOUX CHIEF.*

SIOUX CHIEF.

Well, White Lily, what do you desire?

GRETA CUSTER.

My liberty from you, I do ask ;

This is all from you I require.

CHIEF.

This for me is a hard task ;

I shall take you to my wigwam

To be my squaw and future heir.

Now, White Lily, with me you come

To my wigwam village ; with me there

My great warriors shall treat you nice ;

Your life shall be like a dream ;

It shall cost you nothing in price.

To you, Lily, this strange may seem ;

This truth I swear, by the Great Spirit,

No harm will come to White Lily.

This promise I make to you here ;

I am a wise Chief, not silly ;

I know how to protect you always

From all the storms on the plain,

And the great sun's hot burning rays

No part of your white beauty stain.

Lily, I love you for your beauty ;

Your bewitching eyes have caught my heart.

they
Saving your life I did my duty ;
Now from me you must not part.

GRETA CUSTER.

Chief, tell me if my parents live,
Or were they slain by thy warriors ?
Great Chief, if saved I you forgive,
And all the rest of thy warriors.

CHIEF.

Enter
Fair Lily, no they are not slain,
They live in freedom as we do,
Their life and liberty they did regain ;
This, I state White Lily, is true.

GRETA.

Then I do respect the White Chief,
Trusting you shall take me to them,
For their absence does cause me grief.
I wish they with me had come,
Then they might give me to you
For your goodness in saving my life,
By this good act you shall do
I yet may be your squaw wife.

CHIEF.

White Lily, you speak fair to me.
My warriors shall bring them here
Where they shall give you to me,
Then no more hereafter need they fear ;
I shall provide for them a wigwam,
All good game from the hunting ground
Shall abundantly be supplied their wigwam
Then peace and freedom they have found.

GRETA.

Chief, you bring gladness to my heart
By what you just now have spoken,
From you I shall not part.
Please accept from me this simple token,
Our people say it is very valuable,
To you it may not be precious,
Sometime it may to you be serviceable
Receiving this you need not be grievous.

CHIEF.

Fair Lily, receiving this treasure I comprehend
It comes from you to a loving heart,
All my thanks to you I now extend.
To bring your parents now I start,
For my warriors for me are waiting
By mountain, by lake, by river and creek,
For your good people they are searching.
Are you willing I go now, Lily speak ?

GRETA.

Yes, Great Chief, I can trust you
To quickly bring my father, mother here ;
The promise you made, keep it true,
For I love my father, mother dear ;
Should you succeed I'll give another token
Which is more valuable than the other,
This is truth, Chief, I have spoken,
When you return thou'lt have that other.

CHIEF.

White Lily, let that other be thyself,
Sooner to my Lily I'll come back,
Give you myself and all my wealth,

This gives me courage on my track,
You'll live in wigwam till my return ;
Braves give you game from hunting ground.
Now, my White Lily, we shall adjourn,
Not returning till your parents are found.

GRETA.

Chief, may the Great Moneetia guide thee,
And bring you safely back with them,
Then tell them you have saved me,
That I am protected in your wigwam.

(The Chief goes away to join the warriors.)

Exit GRETA.

END OF SCENE III.—ACT II.

SCENE IV.—*A camp of miners, attacked by the Sioux warriors trying to recapture Captain Custer and his wife. Sioux led by the Sioux Chief who wants to take them to their daughter. The miners will not give them up, so they give battle to the Sioux and the Sioux Chief is shot dead, also most of his warriors ; some escape, go back to the Chief's camp, report the battle and his death to the White Lily and inform her she will never see her mother and father again. Enter CHIEF, HEAD MINER, an army of miners and an army of Sioux warriors.*

CHIEF.

I come to take white man, woman
To their daughter now in my wigwam,
Far away yonder by the rising son.
Shall you let them with me come ?

HEAD MINER.

They do not desire to accompany you ;
Go, bring their daughter to this camp
If you be good Chief and true,
Should you not, out of this tramp
Or be shot, you and your warriors.

CHIEF.

I promised White Lily, live or die,
To bring them back with my warriors,
And good Sioux Chief never tell lie.
If you shall not give them peaceable
I shall at once fight white miners ;
My warriors are all brave and reliable
And shall at once massacre the miners.

HEAD MINER.

Great Chief, there the miners are prepared,
To show you I shall give command,
These miner-warriors shall make you scared,
Are you prepared before them to stand ?

CHIEF.

Sioux warriors stand before any white man,
Protect his rights upon his hunting ground,
To face your miner warriors we can
Slay them like Custer, on the ground.

*(At this challenge the miners fire ; the Sioux Chief is
the first to fall dead, and the most of his warriors
bite the dust. MR. and MRS. CUSTER are
saved in miners' camp.)*

Exit.

END ACT II.—SCENE IV.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A wigwam.—Enter three Sioux warriors
and GRETA CUSTER.*

GRETA.

Sioux warriors, where is your Great Chief,
And where is my father and mother.
Let me know, warriors, be you brief.
Speak, one of you, and no others ?

SIOUX WARRIOR.

Pale Lily, the Great Chief is dead,
All of his brave warriors that remain
Are us who didn't lose our head,
But hastened to come to you again
To tell you, Lily, of that catastrophe.
We tried to take thy father, mother
From the border miners down in Astrophy.
We left them dead there altogether.

GRETA.

Then is my father, mother both killed.
Oh ! tell me, warriors, if it's true ?
For with sorrow and grief I am filled,
Hearing such a sad account from you.

SIOUX WARRIOR.

White Lily, we tell you no lies,
Thy father and mother may be alive.
We see your grief, hear your cries.
To save them we still may strive.
Lily, we shall protect you remaining here,
While we order other warriors to go.
They'll bring them here, don't you fear.
This all the Lily wants to know,

GRETA.

Then, brave Sioux, give your order quickly ;
You need not fear me being alone.
You know I shall not be sickly.
Bringing them you I can trust upon.
Waiting here patiently until you do return
Successfully with my father and mother.
You hear what I say, so adjourn
Until we meet here again one another.

SIOUX WARRIOR.

Brave Lily, we go obey thy commands.
We shall fight the miners and conquer,
And your parents we shall then demand ;
This will ease your grief and anger.
The second encampment of Sioux warriors depart
To try again to capture Greta's parents.
We leave you, White Lily, to start
To succeed in bringing back your parents.
Though we cannot take back your Chief.
He is gone from the Hunting Land.
This, fair Lily, may cause you grief.
We for him fight the miner band.
So, farewell, Lily, till we come back,
May the sun shine down on thee,
For our best effort shall not lack,
And true to thy late Chief shall be.
*(The Sioux Warriors depart on their second expedition,
to the miners' camp, where they are again massacred.)*

GRETA.

I know they'll never return to me,
I must prepare to leave this place,

Then once again I shall be free.
My way from here I must trace,
On my path, for fear of capture,
For the Sioux are roaming everywhere.
I shall make with them no barter,
And my life with them not share.
I'll travel in the day and night
To be away from my Chief's camp.
Go to where I first see light.
Thus, continuing always on my constant tramp,
Perhaps I'll meet a countryman my own
Who shall take me to the miners' camp.
If not, endeavor to find the camp alone,
Although having to cross prairie and swamp.
Now to begin my travel, the coast clear.
The Sioux may they all me miss
Till I am distance far from here.
Then I shall outwit them all yet,
And they shall think that very queer.
Oh! Heavenly Father, send me a friend
To guide me on to welcome salvation,
To meet my parents at the end.
Hear me, a child of Thy creation.
I'm weak, depending on Thy mighty power.
Give me strength to fulfil my purpose.
Oh! do, I'll thank thee every hour.
This I'm willing, and God knows.

(Greta departs on her journey).

Exit.

END SCENE I., ACT III.

SCENE II.—*A tent on the prairie. Enter ROY and*

GRETA.

GRETA.

Oh ! sir, who art thou I meet ?
On my way I have travelled long,
I am weak and weary on my feet,
For such a journey I'm not strong.

ROY.

Maiden, what distant part came you from
To be here on the prairie alone,
Where fierce Sioux Indians make their home ;
Maiden, have you not them come upon ?

GRETA.

Yes sir, I have escaped from them,
I'm afraid they are following me now ;
They know my parents and their name,
To find them I don't know how.

ROY.

When did you see your parents last ?
Have you just left them to-day ?

GRETA.

On no ! 'tis just one one year past
When the Sioux took them both away.

ROY.

How came they to take your parents,
Maiden ? What is your name and theirs ?
Had you no account of your parents ?
Please tell me some of their affairs
That I may understand how you're situated ;
Since you came here my company shares,
While remaining you shall be well treated.

and

GRETA.

Sir, you speak kindly to a stranger maiden ;
My story is long, you might be weary
Listening to it, I would be detained
Too long. I must cross the prairie,
Can you direct me to Mining Camp,
Some distance from the Little Big Horn ?
I heard 'twas near the Wat-a-way Swamp
Where the Sioux braves Custer's army shorn :
Not one of them were left living,
My father and mother were taken captive,
With the Great Sioux Chief I was residing
There in sorrow as a poor captive.

ROY.

Maiden, you have not given your name,
Why do you keep that from me ?

GRETA.

Because I thought you knew my name
When first I came in front of thee ;
My name you wish to know is Greta Custer,
Daughter of Captain Custer, and no other ;
They were rescued from Sioux at Buster,
To find the place I must consider.

ROY.

Greta, it's them you are searching for,
And have you knowledge of the way,
Are you going by chance to explore,
Travelling as you have by night and day ?

GRETA.

You asked my name, tell me thine,
And why living in this lonely place,

Where no one dwells all through sunshine,
Moon by night too shows her face.

ROY.

Abide with me my abode to share,
It's just a very modest, humble tent,
There's no one about cosier anywhere,
It costs me not a cent of rent.
And you are welcome here to stay
To share with me my simple fare.
The night's dark, you'll lose your way;
All I have with you I'll share.
My name is Roy Buster, a student ;
My father died, my mother still lives;
You may think me leaving her imprudent,
The reason I'll tell, then you'll forgive.
One year I wandered on the plain
To revive my health and get strong,
In sunshine, in storm and in rain,
And here I must not stay too long ;
Before I came here, by confining study
My health gave way ; now I'm well,
Now I'm perfectly convalescent, strong and sturdy,
And in this humble tent I dwell.
Now, Greta, come share it with me,
And prepare for yourself some nourishment,
For this is all I have for thee ;
Perhaps this food may satisfy thy appetite.
While out hunting I shot four ducks,
I cooked and ate one this noon;
Here is a fire-place with sticks
That shall start the fire very soon,
And here is a patented portable oven

Where I cooked this batch of bread ;
A good baker, I think, I've proven,
Although the work I always have dread.
Now, Greta, eat this, then tell me
If it is well made or not.
The duck shall be nice, you'll see.
But oh ! Greta, I have entirely forgot
To give you a drink of prairie tea ;
This shall be a surprise to thee
When you take a drink may-be,
What else would you desire, I'll see.
Greta, here is some wild bee's honey ;
It's sweeter than our bees at home
That cost us, I believe, twelve penny
Per pound, here it costs no sum :
Here's a medicine I made from herbs,
It's a splendid remedy for the blood,
It keeps the blood healthy, fulness absorbs ;
It's a plant that grows in mud ;
My medical training enables me to understand
The curative parts of this valuable plant ;
There shall be for it a great demand,
Purchasing no one need say they can't.
Greta, my fortune shall then be made,
Enabling me to support comfortably a wife
And to supply her with a maid.
Then she shall have an easy life,
Which women these days, I think, desire,
Although, I believe, there's some that don't :
To be active in business they aspire ;
Others are lazy and work they wont—
Oh ! Greta, does my speaking weary you ?

If it does I will give you a chance ;
What I explain to you is true,
Now, Greta, you can speak at once.

GRETA.

I was so delighted when you explained
The virtue derived from that excellent plant.
I am sure, Roy, your fortune is gained,
To roam these prairies more you shan't.
When you were relating your great experience
I was ferociously devouring your seasoned duck ;
Appeasing my appetite prepared me going hence,
On my way may I have luck
To quickly find the miners' distant camp
Where, no doubt, I'll find my parents.
I am refreshed now for my tramp,
And thank you for your kind hospitality.
It's likely here you shall be remaining ;
I'm aware you are of good quality.
Thanking you much for your ho-pitable entertaining,
I am prepared to go from here. Farewell !
Oh ! that we both may meet again,
When my love for you I may tell ;
Oh ! sir, this parting gives me pain.

ROY.

Then, Greta, do not part from me,
Your life here is in my protection,
And I am now responsible for thee.
You confess loving me with great affection.
I vow, Greta, to love you also,
You need not then have any fear ;
With you to travel I shall go,

And help to find thy father, mother,
This is my duty as a lover ;
For, like you, I saw no other,
And shall protect you, Greta, for ever,
Answer, Greta, does this give you satisfaction ?

GRETA.

Oh ! yes, Roy, it is too much, indeed
You have shown me, since coming, attention,
And your offering with me to proceed
I have for you the kindest affection,
With thy help I shall find them,
Then my contentment shall be for evermore,
Thanking my God to you I came,
A kinder stranger I never met before.

ROY.

No, Greta, I only acted the good Samaritan,
Supplying your wants and sharing my abode
With you, now, Greta, to me hearken,
We shall both pray, thank the Lord.
Here, standing beside me in sweet simplicity,
In this dreary, silent place of solitude,
I am impressed by thy true sincerity,
And thou shalt receive all my gratitude.
Thy pale face, so silent and calm,
Bewitches all my being and all my fortitude,
By the sweet essence of Love's balm,
To my throbbing heart it is food,
Stirring and reviving all my inward feeling,
Come, I press thee to my breast.
Ah ! my love, thou art indeed willing ;
I hear thy impulsations from thy chest.

It teaches me, Greta, more than word,
That thou art all, all my own,
I'll nurse you like a little bird,
For the love you now have shown.
Come, darling, I will lay you gently there,
You are weary, need sleep and rest ;
My simple couch with me you'll share,
For, dear one, you are greatly pressed.

GRETA.

Oh, no, Roy, here is a paradise,
And thou my guide, my heavenly angel ;
I'll lie down, it is thy advice,
Protect me, thou art my good angel.

ROY.

Fear not, my Greta, thou art safe.
Greta, no foe shall here disturb you ;
I know that thou hast been brave
When the treacherous Sioux did you pursue.
They sleep peacefully, silence reigns over them,
Sleeping happy with each other most content ;
So spotless and pure here they come,
By their Great Almighty Father here sent.

Exit.

END ACT III.—SCENE II.

ACT III.

SCENE III.—*A Mining-Camp located in Custer Valley. Enter G. CUSTER, President of Company, and ALEXANDER GALVESTON, Supt., and Miners.*

CUSTER.

Galveston, we taught that second Sioux band
A lesson that they shall never forget ;
They thought they would have captured me
And Mrs. Custer, but they haven't yet.

A. GALVESTON.

The chief I spoke with has Greta
In his possession ; she gave him commission
To go bring you both to Greta,
But, unfortunately, he had the leading position,
And was one of the first killed.

CUSTER.

That was a great mistake we made.
We might have got him to yield,
And guide us to her hiding glade ;
He was the chief of his band.
Some may have escaped the fierce attack ;
Returned at once to their hunting land,
Perhaps they shall bring my Greta back.

A. GALVESTON.

No, they'll hold her as a ransom
For these Sioux we have in captivity.
They know that she thy daughter is handsome,
But they'll not destroy her pure virginity.

CUSTER.

We made millions here in our mines.
I would willingly give all I made
When I think back to those old times
When oft she romped with me in bed ;
But, alas ! I fear she is no more.
Her mother pines and frets every day,
And oftentimes she stands at the door
Watching silent as a sentinel, looking away
To see if poor Greta is returning ;
But no, she shall never return again.
This belief in my memory is running ;
Her mother's broken spirit she'll not regain.

A. GALVESTON.

We'll call upon the miners for volunteers—
Say, about twelve picked men shall do—
To lead them on. Captain Prichard volunteers
To bring thy Greta back to you.

CUSTER.

Yes, sir, I can trust Captain Prichard
On the expedition, believing he shall succeed ;
I have had always for him regard.
He shall go and return with speed,
Much faster than another I could choose
Who was always trustworthy to me—
That is, if Captain Prichard shall refuse ;
But I don't expect that will be.

A. GALVESTON.

I sent for Crowly to solicit volunteers ;
He'll be here shortly with them all.
Men for this duty who are cavaliers,

Obediently they'll answer to Captain Custer's call
To find his daughter, bring her here
To receive her parents' true, kind affection.
In this expedition they shall be sincere
To bring back Greta to Miners' station.

CUSTER.

Galveston, should they succeed in bringing her
Back, we'll have a day of rejoicing.
She shall think much of you, sir,
For being the means of her rescuing.
You have arranged this expedition so complete,
Success is bound to crown your effort :
That we with her again shall meet,
To her of thee I'll give good report.

A. GALVESTON.

I'm anxious as thee for her return,
And hope all shall turn out well.
Then let us, Captain Custer, now adjourn
And have patience till time shall tell
Of her early arrival here in health,
When all shall be joyful and gay,
For she'll receive from thee great wealth
That she knows not of to-day.

CUSTER.

We shall go now, inspect the men
Who are likely waiting for our coming.
We must not delay them long, then ;
I shall thank them all for obeying.

Exit CAPTAIN CUSTER and GALVESTON—Enter CAPT.

*PRICHARD with his men ; they stand in line,
while CAPT. CUSTER and GALVESTON*

speak.

CAPT. CUSTER.

Volunteers, you are now in my employ ;
You know what duty sends you hence—
A duty I believe you all enjoy,
A duty, you all know, of great consequence
To me, your old and respected captain,
Who always had great confidence in you.
You did not care what had happened,
To die or live you were true.
Relying in thy ability to defy the enemy,
And bring me my daughter Greta back,
I trust in each man's true sincerity,
That their energy shall never once lack.
Thy service shall be by me paid
To each one of you in gold
Abundantly ; so be you not afraid,
For its truth I swear I told.

A. GALVESTON.

Captain Prichard. Success depends entirely upon
thee.

You lead twelve of the bravest men ;
They shall follow you bravely, you'll see,
And your reward shall be given them.
Now, captain and men, we say farewell
Until the time again when you return ;
Your adventures may be many to tell.
Now, my good men, we must adjourn.

CAPT. PRICHARD.

We all thank thee for your confidence
In our expedition, for wishing us success
In our effort ; we shall trust Providence ;

When in difficulty we shall Him address.
We shall take her from the Sioux
In peace ; if not, then by force.
We shall not listen to their dislikes
If they won't be modest ; then, of course,
We shall watch strictly their cunning tricks.
With these few maxims I have spoke,
We shall take immediately our onward departure.
If we fail, don't take a shock
And forget all about our slaughter.
We go to succeed or lose our lives.
This, my good friends, you do understand.
You then must support all our wives
Should we be swept off the land.

CAPT. CUSTER *and* A. GALVESTON *respond ; they*
answer, " We shall do it." Then CAPT.

PRICHARD *and his men depart with*
loud cheers.
Exit.

END OF SCENE II.—ACT II.

SCENE IV.—*Roy's tent, where he and Greta Custer*
sleeps. Greta awakes first and leaves tent.

Enter GRETA, ROY, *and* CAPT.

PRICHARD.

GRETA.

He sleeps soundly, I'll him not disturb,
Let him rest while I prepare food,
This I think shall not be absurd
It is all for his own good ;
I shall light a fire just here

And prepare him a good breakfast :
If he's hungry it will him cheer.
It shall be some duck spread on crust,
Then I'll mash some good prairie tea
And sweeten it with honey that's here.
When he awakes surprised he'll be
For all this he said was free :
Now I think all is quite ready,
I shall go and wake him up,
I must be very quiet and steady,
Ask him gently to come and sup.
I'll go and awaken him ; Roy, arise
And partake of food that is ready,
I trust I've not given you surprise,
I'm your cook but not your lady.

ROY.

Where in thunder have you been
That you are up so early, tell me ?

GRETA.

My Sioux foes I dreamt I seen,
They were taking me away from thee.

ROY.

Oh, foolish Greta, have no such fear :
Your foe don't know where you stay,
Be not frightened while I'm here
We start for Miners' Camp this day.

GRETA.

Come then, and dine before we go ;
I have cooked for you all I saw,
Whether you like it I don't know,
I cooked it nicely without one flaw.

ROY.

Greta, I thank you, indeed, very much,
For awakening me up to my breakfast ;
You are, indeed, a dear little witch.
We'll eat, Greta, then away we'll haste,
We'll haste to the distant Miners' Camp, both together,
I believe I can guide you there ;
There you shall meet your father, mother ;
Then for me you shall not care.

GRETA.

You promised to love me last night,
And I acknowledged that love from thee ;
You now cast on me a slight,
Roy, that don't now with me agree.

ROY.

When you find your parents you'll forget
Me, for I am poor, of no degree.

GRETA.

Poverty, no disgrace, alters not our fate,
For I know not if my father's rich ;
If it's true better for you and me
If thou be faithful, poor or rich,
I have confessed, owned, I loved thee.

ROY.

Pardon me, Greta, I just was fooling,
I can trust you poor or rich,
Greta, sharing with thee my humble dwelling.
My own true love, my little witch.
Greta, your parents may object to me

Because I'll appear to them very insignificant,
A poor lad, wandering, found by thee
Out upon the prairie, my abode a tent.

GRETA.

It shall be otherwise with them, Roy,
On that score you need not have fear ;
They shall greet you frankly, with joy,
When telling them you brought me here
And saved my life from the Sioux,
Gave me food, shelter in thy tent,
Satisfying me with food to my likes.
No, Roy, our marriage they cannot prevent.

ROY.

Greta, for thy years thou hast wisdom,
You have taught me a true lesson ;
My heart for thy love has room
Enough to hold ever, never to lessen.
We have travell'd now many a day,
Near our destination I believe we are,
For see ! to the far west yonder,
Across the Saguway Valley, a rising cliff,
I'm amazed with surprise and wonder
That our reaching there shall be brief.
Look, Greta ! there is coming in our direction
Two strangers, what can be their mission ?
They see us, undoubtedly we're their attraction
Greta, I have for them a great suspicion.

GRETA.

They may be able to direct us
To the Miners' Camp, they're going there,
They would likely know my father, yes,
And tell us if they be there.

ROY.

They are drawing nearer, Greta, let me speak
To them, you'll hear what they say ;
Perhaps they're coming for us to seek,
And go with us on our way.

(Captain Prichard and Lieut. Smith speak.)

CAPT. PRICHARD.

Strangers, where are you wandering to,
And what are your names and destination
An answer I would like from you,
That we may understand your situation.

ROY.

My name is Roy, came from Kansas ;
I was enjoying recreation on the prairie,
And it was just by chance
I fell in with this young lady ;
I'll give you her name, Greta Custer.

CAPT. PRICHARD.

Greta Custer, a daughter of Captain Custer,
And niece of great General Custer ?
This is welcome news to her parents,
They'll be delighted at her return.
Miss Custer, I have remembrance of thee
At the battle of the Little Big Horn ;
I have no doubt that you remember^m me,
I fought beside thy father that morn ;
We were taken prisoners by the Sioux,
That is, your father, mother, and myself ;
We were rescued from the cruel Sioux,
And chief took thee by thyself,
We knew not where he took thee.

It was a miners' band rescued us,
Where the miners settled we were free,
We toiled and worked with ; Oh ! yes,
Since then we all made great wealth.
Then came a chief with Sioux warriors
And demanded thy father and thy mother
To take them to where you were,
This with them we would not consider.
They attacked us, we fought and conquered,
Thus we saved thy father and mother.
The chief told us before he expired
That you were living in his wigwam,
Then thy father proposed sending a rescue
Party to relieve you from his wigwam ;
We are two of that party of rescuers
That's alive, our comrades are all dead.
Where we searched and found you not
We are returning now to Miners' Camp,
We'll guide you there, good friends ;
From here 'tis not a great tramp,
Till our journey be at its end.

ROY.

We'll start soon as you are willing.
We are pleased to have met you,
And have for you a kindly feeling
And thy comrades who died so true.

GRETA.

Yes, it was all on my account
That thy true comrades lost their life,
A great sacrifice to find me out ;
Oh ! I do pity each man's wife.

CAPT. PRICHARD.

They'll be all provided for, Miss Custer ;
I know thy father's eminently good, rich,
And benevolent, will do something for them ;
No misfortune shall ever come to such.

Exit.

END OF ACT III.—SCENE IV.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The miners' camp. Enter CAPTAIN and*
MRS. CUSTER, GRETA CUSTER, ROY, CAPTAIN
PRICHARD *and* LIEUTENANT SMITH.

CAPT. CUSTER.

O ! my dear child, at your return
Thy mother and I are so delighted.
For you, child, we long did yearn ;
Now again with thee we'll be united.

MRS CUSTER.

Greta, when you rest tell your story ;
All that transpired while you were away.
What young man is this, looking sorry,
As if he lost himself one day ?

GRETA.

Mother, I have found this young man alone,
Out on the open prairies in a tent.
I was then escaping from our Sioux foes ;
He gave me shelter, did them prevent
From capturing me again the second time.
He supplied all my wants with food,
Saying : All I have is thine.

Thanking him, I said he was good.
Then he inquired what was my name.
I told him it was Greta Custer.
Then I asked him what was his name.
He answered me, he was Roy Buster.
What happened after I shall tell again.

CAPT. PRICHARD.

Captain Custer, here take this my report,
It shall explain all that's done.
You'll be sorry I lost my escort.
They all fought gallantly, but were undone.
The foe were numerous and fought bravely.
Lieut. Smith and myself are only saved.
We saw all our comrades slain savagely ;
Some bodies were buried in a grave.
We had difficulty in making our escape ;
However, we succeeded in concealing ourselves
Till enemy retired, then we crossed a creek,
And commenced our journey to this camp.
While on our way we came across
Your daughter and her companion on tramp.
We conversed with them, heard their story,
And their names gave us both.
We told them our own in return.
To come with us they were loath.
Finally they consented with us to sojourn.
Now, Captain Custer, I have told you all,
The rest you'll read in my report.
At any time I'll await thy call.

CAPT. CUSTER.

Sir, I have found you truthful and reliable,
I shall read your report at leisure,

Believing all written there is most compliable,
And shall give me the greatest pleasure.
Now, I must speak with this stranger,
As you and I can meet again.
Well, my new friend, let us converse.
I was told your name's Roy Buster,
I wish the "B" had been "C" Custer,
Then I could accept thee as my son.
I shall address thee, my friend, Roy.
Roy, I want to hear thy account,
I believe you are a truthful boy.
In telling me take you no affront.

ROY.

Please, sir, your daughter told the story.
I was merely taking to myself recreation,
Chancing to go to the Western prairie,
Then return home to accept a situation.
Your daughter came, told me her story,
I supplied her with food and protection,
Unable to do more I was sorry.

CAPT. CUSTER.

Young gentleman, hereafter you won't be sorry,
For you shall have her and wealth.
She has told us all her story,
That you saved her life and health.
She is, then, thy own for life.
She informed us the other day she was willing,
So, Roy Buster, make her thy wife.
For thee I shall do the rest.
You bring thy mother here at once.
This shall be, I believe, the best,

That she should not miss the chance
Of witnessing her son marrying my daughter.
She shall be a witness of great consequence
When she understands all about the circumstance
I shall be prepared for the expense.

ROY.

I thank you, sir, for your kindness,
Such kindness which I never once expected.
I know it was my own blindness.
She told me this when she accepted,
That you would give me her and wealth.
Now I know her words were true.
That's the time she lost her health.
Then I brought her here to you.
I'll communicate with my mother at once,
Then she'll immediately come away here,
Believing, she will not miss the chance.
So, sir, you need not have fear.

CAPT. CUSTER.

Roy, go prepare for your marriage day,
I have selected a house for thee.
I've done this just, by the way,
To make you both contented and free.
Now, go you about thy business instantly,
I go also to attend my own
I shall bring her to the altar speedily,
Where you shall have her as thy own.

They retire to meet again.

Exit.

END OF ACT IV.—SCENE I.

SCENE II.—*A drawing-room in General Custer's House. Enter CAPTAIN and MRS. CUSTER, GRETA CUSTER, MRS. BUSTER and ROY BUSTER.*

CAPT. CUSTER.

Roy, you are anxious about thy mother's arrival,
She ought to arrive within an hour.
To her we must all be civil,
With kind, fraternal greetings on her shower.

MRS. CUSTER.

She shall be delighted seeing her son
After the lapse of so many years.
With the many narrow escapes he run,
It shall draw from her eyes tears
Roy, do you think she'll dwell here?

ROY.

O ! I think she would be satisfied,
Remaining here continually without any fear.
When she arrives she shall be mystified.
When she learns thy kindness to me
She shall love thy daughter and my intended,
And shall be very kind, you'll see,
To you her heart will be extended.

MRS. CUSTER.

Peter, attend to the bell, it's ringing.
Roy, I think it is thy mother.
Yes, indeed, Peter, here she is coming,
Let us go to the door, meet her.
Mrs. Buster, we patiently awaited thy arrival,
And you have come here at last.
You must be fatigued with your travel.
You must rest till thy weariness is past,

MRS. BUSTER.

O! thank you, Madam, for thy kindness.
Please bring to me my son Roy.

ROY.

My mother, mother, it is thee indeed.
O! what pleasant meeting. O! what joy.

*(His mother embraces him, then Roy introduces
Captain Custer and his daughter to her)*

ROY.

Mother, allow me to introduce you to
My benefactor, Captain Custer, and his daughter.
She's to be my wife so true,
And our marriage day takes place hereafter.
It was because I had saved her,
And her parents have rewarded me well,
Giving me her their only daughter dear,
Another time about her I shall tell.

MRS. BUSTER.

What did I tell thee when leaving
Thy home, that you would make a fortune,
Returning home thy mother to be relieving.
This, my dear boy, you have gotten.

ROY.

Thy explanations came all true,
It gave me courage on my way,
Thy warning thy memory always did pursue,
And shall continue on from this day.

GRETA.

I am so pleased you have arrived ;
Mrs. Buster we shall need thy assistance,

It must not from us be deprived,
You shall accept Mrs. Buster without resistance,
For we shall gladly take thy advice,
Knowing that you have experience in arranging
A marriage fitting out everything nice,
So as there'll be no more changing.

MRS. BUSTER.

Greta, I shall do all I can,
In arranging all thy wedding affairs shortly,
That's if you adhere to my plan,
Greta, which shall not be too costly.

GRETA.

Mrs. Buster don't you mind the expense,
My father is able to afford it ;
To him he'll think it no consequence,
He is wealthy and shall not grudge it.

MRS. BUSTER.

Well, Greta, that changes the matter,
You consult him what expense he desires ;
Do you not think it is better,
It shall please, which is better.

GRETA.

Yes, Mrs. Buster, my father's not miserly,
I shall consult him as you say ;
He shall furnish me all things necessary
For comfort and my pleasure every day.

ROY.

Greta, thy father is anxious to get
This marriage over as soon as possible,
So that we can get settled down a bit,
In our new home to live sociable.

MRS. BUSTER.

I believe what Capt. Custer says,
The quicker the marriage is performed 'tis better,
For now we cannot have any delays,
Our friends shall leave soon or later.

GRETA.

Well, I'm willing it takes place at once,
Then it shall soon be all over ;
We can have a supper and a dance,
That's if the guests all keep sober.

ROY.

Not one of our guests shall indulge
In intoxicating liquor, Oh no, Greta, never ;
Don't you this to the guests divulge,
It would put them in a flutter.
Now, we'll go prepare to get married,
All is arranged at the Parson's House,
In a carriage we shall be carried,
For a quiet wedding is our choice.

Exit.

END OF ACT IV.—SCENE II.

SCENE III.—*A banqueting-hall. Enter CAPT. and*
MRS. CUSTER. MRS. BUSTER *welcomes the guests*
to the banquet. They are introduced to the
Bride and Bridegroom, after which they
all take of refreshments, followed
by music and speeches.

CAPT. CUSTER.

Ladies and Gentlemen, and all friends,
I thank 'hee for thy presence here,

This pleasant wedding feast makes all amends,
For the worry and anxiety we had last year ;
They are now departing for another land,
Where they can spend a happy honey-moon,
So parting from us they shall understand
How anxiously we'll wait their return soon,
To their home in their former town,
Where they shall be welcomed by friends,
Friends which they always like to own,
Their well wishes for them all extends.

They all bid farewell to the Bride and Bridegroom.

CLOSES ACT IV.—SCENE III.—*Closes the Battle
of the Little Big Horn.*

Kind readers, pardon this composition ;
It was written by a novice who
Witnessed the Battle of Little Big Horn.
And it was written under peculiar circumstances.

CHE 4 NOT REQUIRED